

TORONTO'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

AT a meeting of the ministers and trustees of the Toronto Methodist churches held on Monday night in the Metropolitan church Sunday school room, the bill before the Legislature containing clauses for the abolition of tax exemptions of churches was discussed by a fairly representative gathering. Reporters were not admitted, but I have learned that the following resolution was proposed by Dr. E. J. Barrick, seconded by T. G. Mason, and the portion of it in italics was carried, the other sections being withdrawn:

THAT WHEREAS a Bill is now before the Ontario Legislature containing clauses for the abolition of tax exemptions now enjoyed by the various churches and educational institutions of this Province.

AND WHEREAS the trustees of the said churches, acting in good faith under the existing law, without hope of personal financial gain, but for the purpose of instructing the public in the knowledge of Christ, both from the pulpit, the Sabbath school, and the various services connected therewith, and generally for the upbuilding of manhood and good citizenship, did acquire various properties, and erect churches, and thereby did assume personal liabilities and obligations.

AND WHEREAS, according to the following figures it appears that the abolition of all exemptions in municipal taxation would be more favorable than otherwise to the trustees, members and supporters of the churches, and lead to a more equitable distribution of the burden of taxation. In 1896 the total assessment on real estate was in round numbers

Personality and Income \$120,000,000

Making a total of \$140,000,000

17 mills would produce \$ 2,380,000

In Boston 1892 under a more equitable assessment law the assessment on real estate in round numbers was \$600,000,000

Personality 300,000,000

That is, personality was assessed at one-third of the property. This rule of assessment, as applied to personal assessment prevails generally in the American cities. Applying the Boston ratio to this city it works out as follows:

Real estate in 1890 \$120,000,000

Personality and Income (one-third) 43,000,000

Exemption on real estate 23,000,000

Giving a total of \$104,000,000

12 1/3 mills will produce 2,000,000

or \$12,000,000 less than 17 mills on \$140,000,000, a reduction of 4 2/3 mills, or a saving of \$44,000 on every \$1,000 of assessment now paying 17 mills.

The total exemption on churches in this city is in round numbers \$5,000,000; that is, about 1 39th of the \$191,000,000, and 1 39th of \$12.33 is about 32 cents, which would be the share of church tax on every one thousand dollars of assessment, which means that each church supporter for every \$1,000 assessed upon his home or his business could pay his share of the church tax, 32 cents, and have \$1.31 for other purposes.

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED, that in the opinion of this meeting of the trustees and ministers of the Methodist Churches of this City, it is manifestly unfair and unjust to said trustees, members and supporters of the various churches to have removed the exemption of their property, and that they should have the personal obligations and burdens increased, while at the same time the exemptions covered by the remaining twenty-seven clauses of the Act, many of which apply to purely money-making concerns, are practically untouched.

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that in order to set at rest once and all the time the question of various changes proposed from time to time in connection with municipal tax exemptions, which make investments unsettled and insecure, this representative meeting is not opposed to, but is prepared to support a Bill for the gradual abolition of all exemptions on municipal taxation, so soon as such abolition is endorsed by a substantial majority of the municipal electors of this Province, and hereby demands that a Plebiscite on the question be taken at the next municipal election in January, 1900; and request that all legislation touching municipal tax exemptions be held in abeyance until such plebiscite be taken, and that a deputation be appointed to wait upon the Government and press the claims of this resolution, and that all religious bodies and denominations be invited to co-operate with us, who are in sympathy with the views here set forth.

A committee was appointed to place the views of the meeting before the Legislature. The Toronto Ministerial Association met on the same date and decided to leave the matter in the hands of each denomination, so we now have the question before us in an abstract form, which permits of the whole matter being discussed from a church point of view.

In the first place, the Methodist brethren practically admit that the system of taxation is wrong.

Secondly: That the trustees of churches went into their present contracts without any protest against the wrong features of the law, but would be handicapped in the fulfilment of their obligations were the wrong removed.

Thirdly: That there are twenty-seven other clauses in the new Act which practically permit twenty-seven other wrongs outside of church exemptions.

Fourthly: They are unwilling to consent to a law gradually wiping out these exemptions while at the same time secular institutions enjoy what they conceive to be immunities similar to those which they are asked to abandon.

Taken altogether it appears that the Methodist church, and we may presume all the other churches, base their claim for exemption on the idea that "without hope of personal financial gain, but for the purpose of instructing the public in the knowledge of Christ, both from the pulpit, the Sabbath school, and the various services connected therewith, and generally for the upbuilding of manhood and good citizenship," they have erected and are maintaining edifices which are exempt from taxation. Thus it is that a state is built within a state. These self-sacrificing citizens claim to be doing what the state does not do, yet they claim that they should receive state aid for this purpose and should be considered superior to the state to the extent that they are not to be taxed.

Let us presume that every one of the twenty-seven clauses against which complaint is made is a wrong to the general public. Do the twenty-seven wrongs make the twenty-eighth exemption right? We are not dealing and cannot deal with the purposes of either the twenty-seven or the twenty eighth exemption.

One thing that stands boldly out is that all exemptions are wrong.

It does not appear that the Methodist church denies the impropriety of exemptions; it simply asserts that while others are the beneficiaries of wrong-doing they shall also be permitted to receive the dirty coin according from an unjust law.

This is hardly in accordance with their claim that the church exists "for the purpose of instructing the public in the knowledge of Christ." Their resolution will have the effect, no matter what its purpose may be, of instructing the public that that church, and every church which claims exemption, is demanding and accepting a benefit to which it has no right. If anything could convince a doubtful citizen of the thorough materialism of religious organization it is to be found in the fact that, regardless of where the burden is to be felt, the "ministers and trustees" of a church must not be made to feel that they have had an ounce added to what they now carry.

Carry this principle into general operation and where do we find ourselves? If we are oppressing a debtor we look to the law to obtain that which we unrighteously demand.

If we are doing wrong we quote the fact that twenty-seven others are also doing wrong, and insist on pursuing our evil course.

If we assume a burden or a mortgage under wrong auspices or protected by evil statutes, we are right in insisting that these evil conditions must continue until we are relieved from our burdens. This is a most improper conception of duty. If we insist that the devil shall reign until we get rid of the devil's impositions, then the devil will reign forever.

The whole business, as shown by the resolution offered and withdrawn and the one which carried, indicates that the Metho-

dist body is a commercial institution; that it is unwilling to lead the way to the abolition of unjust exemptions; that it is willing to be the beneficiary of improper legislation; that it intends to oppose just and proper legislation until every commercial body, every individual and everything else is properly taxed.

Then, ye gods and men, look at the result! The Christian church, after everything else has been reformed, will be willing to consent to be reformed itself. Instead of leading in the good work it proposes to be the tail end of the procession and to accept responsibilities which it can no longer avoid.

Is this the way that it and other churches go about Christianizing the world? Is it saying to the public, as it says to the Legislature, that it will do right when everybody else does right? If it were declaredly a commercial institution we could excuse it for taking this standpoint, for Mammon is always ready to excuse itself and others who follow the rule of the ungodly. But as it declares itself as too saintly to be oppressed by any legislation until every other oppression is removed, then it should be scourged for introducing its resolution with any cant about the institution being in existence "for the purpose of instructing the public in the knowledge of Christ." If we were to learn Christ from such examples—and too frequently we do get our ideals from similar sources—we would die without knowing what His mission meant or what His example was intended to teach us.

THE milliners have been in the city looking after spring goods, and they always enliven the streets and chase dull care away with their pretty faces and tasteful gowns. I always wonder that milliners are such demure and business-like people. I hope I won't offend them by saying so, but at heart I

being properly clothed for the ambulance?

There would be a benefit to the whole city if a ten thousand dollar electric lighting plant were placed in the new municipal buildings, and such electric energy as is not needed within the edifice itself sold to the large users of light in the neighborhood. Without doubt the city could obtain contracts from the responsible payers of large taxes to use all the light which can be spared. By this co-operative use of the plant the expense should be reduced to the city and the fact established that the present electric light monopoly is charging vastly more than its services are worth. It may be said that such consumers of electric power manufactured by the City Hall plant would be unduly favored. It may be that their expenses would be reduced, but the moment that this would be demonstrated to be true the city would be forced to establish an electric light plant of its own, or those who are at present abusing the privilege of their monopoly would be forced to reduce their prices.

It must be remembered that a part of the city's duty is to protect the citizens from extortionate charges. If our city government is powerless in this direction it should be reformed, for we have as much right to look to the city government for safeguards against monopolies as against burglars, footpads and those who destroy public peace. An excellent opportunity now offers itself to demonstrate that a ten thousand dollar electric lighting plant, though less economical than the immense plant possessed by the monopoly, can be operated, when worked to its full capacity, so as to provide illumination at a rate far below that now being charged the citizens. If the city will provide the plant, within twenty-four hours a syndicate of consumers of electric energy could be obtained who would operate it on the

are there, and he has to pay them. In nearly every phase of his business he finds he is within the clutches of someone who cares nothing whether he makes a profit or not, but has been given a franchise to make all that can be made out of him. Loads of freight come to his warehouse or leave his doors for the railways, and his cartage and the charges of the railroads must be reckoned with as a part of the cost. Though other cities and perhaps a few competitors in his own city may by trickery get the advantage of him, he cannot devote his working day to following out these details. The city, provincial and general governments are supposed to protect him. To a limited extent they do so, but when he is on the thinnest ice and requires the greatest amount of assistance, those paid for looking after the communal interests invariably turn their backs upon him and say they can do nothing.

When an opportunity of any kind offers itself, no matter how slight and unimportant it may seem to the unbusinesslike people in the City Council, no effort should be spared to cut down any fixed charge which embarrasses the merchant or manufacturer in competition with outsiders. This is equally true both in the home and the factory, the warehouse and the office, and as electric light is one of the necessities of the age the City Council should do its best to demonstrate just where we are at in this matter. If we can afford two million dollars for a City Hall which will directly bring money to nobody, we can afford ten thousand dollars for a civic electric lighting plant which if properly operated may demonstrate where many thousands of dollars may be saved. If this city is not run for the monopolies, the officials and the aldermen, then let us try an occasional experiment at making some of these franchise monopolists sit up.

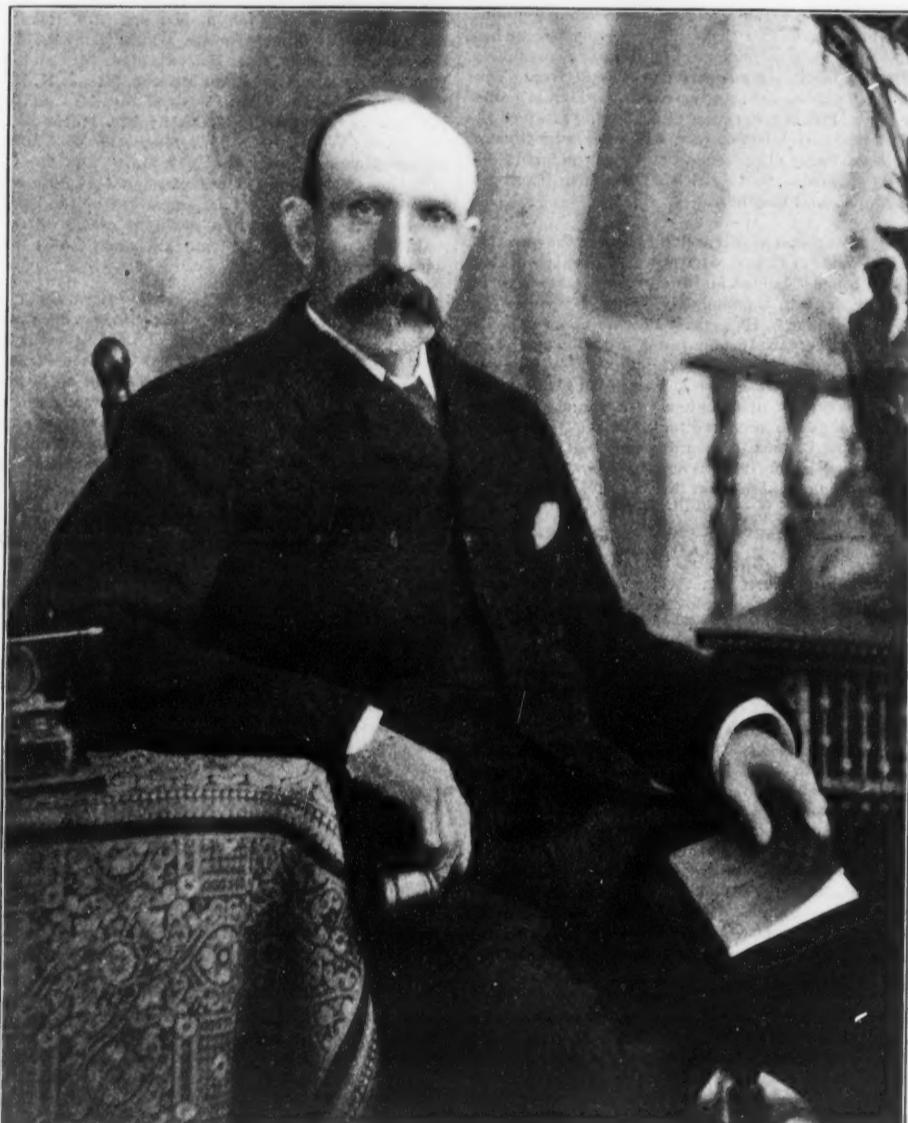
THE Dominion Government has certainly acted wisely in refusing to commute the sentence of death passed upon Cordella Poirier and Sam Parslow for murdering Isidore Poirier, the husband who was obstructing the amours of the two convicted persons. The murder was a brutal thing and the condemned criminals, fortunately for the public peace, made no claim to be insane. As a matter of fact, there is an insanity which might have been urged in their case, that of a criminal amour. It looks strange to a fairly well regulated nature that either a man or a woman should wade through blood in the hope of finding an impossible happiness. Stranger still is that the woman, not the man, is generally the one to suggest such terrible means of reaching a desired condition. We may look at our laws if we like and compare them with those outlined when mankind lived more naturally; we may wonder, if we like, whether the effort to restrain has not been productive of more evil than good; we may question the advisability of making it practically impossible for men and women to legitimately relieve themselves of matrimonial encumbrances, but certainly we cannot excuse the use of the knife, the revolver and the poisoned draught. Outside of the line of respectability, which is really the line of possible happiness, to an extent perhaps undeserved, there is a region where people may live in opposition to all conventions. Those who dare not venture into this region cannot be excused for using violent means for otherwise obtaining their end. To be hanged is of course exceedingly unpleasant, and the prospect of it and the disgrace of it are contemplated by those who are to suffer either directly or indirectly, with terror. Nevertheless, a government which is the initiator in law and is supposed to be the firm executive of the laws passed, should show no vacillation in cases where the crime is neither denied nor palliating circumstances are adduced.

There is a great prejudice against hanging women. The more the New Woman and the methods of the modern woman are recognized, the oftener the steely-eyed dame stares into the face of a man and makes it almost impossible for him to sit in a car without offering her a seat, the less the chivalric impulse rises in antagonism to treatment of the female criminal as if she were of the other sex. We all know that women are better than men; that well treated and protected from the debasing influences which so quickly degrade the sex which was once the money-maker for itself and the other, they are much gentler. Nevertheless, in business it is thoroughly well recognized that the woman is not as honest as the man, and that when she indulges in intrigue she is more daring and less scrupulous than her male partner. I am quite convinced that it is necessary that guilty women should be hanged as well as guilty men. Men may be the tempters in some instances, but it is rarely the case where a husband is slaughtered to make room for another. The husband may be guilty; he may be weak, vain, irritating, debauched, but it is seldom the case—the man who is killed is usually quite as good, judged by conventional rules, if not better than the successor chosen by his wife and made possible by murder. As SATURDAY NIGHT goes to press Sam Parslow and the woman who tempted him will have, according to the decision of the Government, paid the penalty of their crime. If life was worth nothing to them as they were, they can well afford to die. Like cowards as they were, each having confessed the guilt of the other, the world can esteem itself well rid of them, and the murdered man and the two that are hanged for his murder will in the great world of space and immensity hereafter find a just judge for the reassignment of maimed people.

THE addition to the burdens which Torontonians have hitherto borne with very little grumbling, the Ontario Government has hastened to add a large percentage of its new taxes. In placing these taxes, which bear heavily indeed on corporations having their headquarters in this city, the institutions which have been enumerated as digging the ground from beneath the feet of enterprise in this city have practically escaped. This is unjust. Toronto should have some chance to even up. The Government buildings, though benefited by all the protection which this city can give them, pay no taxes, and from the point of view of provincial taxation the institutions which have been given as much power to tax us as is possessed by the City Council itself, get off scot-free.

The Government, too, has shown extraordinary reluctance to permit the Niagara Falls to be used freely by those who have capital to invest, for the obtaining and transmission of electric power, and the Opposition, with regard to the alternate proposal, has been suspiciously silent. If competition were allowed, in fact, not in theory, amongst power companies at the Falls, Toronto would not go unbenefited; but with the hunker-sliding which has taken place in the past and which is going on now with regard to the old and new franchises at the cataract, Toronto can fairly settle itself in the opinion that again the corporations, and not the people, are being regarded by both the Government and the Opposition.

THE building boom seems to have come back to Toronto, and though we may feel sure that it will never take the shape which was once found so ruinous, it is not impossible that many buildings unsuitable to the wants of the people may be erected. Toronto needs more than anything else a few places down-town where men and women without encumbrances in the shape of children—I speak of children as encumbrances only with regard to the lives of people in flats and hotels—can find lodgings and suitable surroundings. Office buildings without end have sprung up, but nowhere has a building been provided for childless couples and unmarried people who desire to live near the center of activity at a reasonable rate and without discomfort. Many houses providing small flats and suites of apartments would pay in Toronto. Women who are without



MR. ROBERT G. REID OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Mr. Robert G. Reid of Newfoundland is said to be the largest private land-owner in the world, besides owning the railways, telegraphs, coal mines, dry docks and coastal service of the Island. He is building a railway that will mean a great deal to Newfoundland, and is having a fleet of eight new steamers built for him on the Clyde. He has introduced Pullman dining and sleeping cars on his railway. He began life a poor boy and now at the age of fifty-eight is many times a millionaire, and has practically retired, leaving his immense interests in the competent hands of his son, Mr. W. D. Reid of Montreal.

imagine them a sort of textile bar-tenders who minister to the tastes and notions of their customers in a manner which is not unlike that of the mixer of drinks. Why should women spend so much on gay hats and expensive clothing? It is not necessary to their comfort, and does little or nothing for the civilization of the world. Why should not the Legislature tax these panderers to the gay instincts of womankind as they tax the institutions which cater for the dissipation of the masculine kind? It really seems unjust that the beauteous array which costs so much money should be a perfectly legitimate affair while cigars and that sort of thing are esteemed extravagances in the habits of men. We never hear fashionable preachers declaiming against milliners or denouncing the wearers of costly things which women put upon their hats and dainty persons. No fashionable preacher could survive a week who told the womenkind who listened to him that it was ungodly to wear these beautiful and expensive things, yet the time was when all preachers said these things to all women. Perhaps the fact that during those times the majority disregarded the clerical opinion, warned the preacher to keep himself away from dangerous ground. Yet we have a perfect right to ask why, when lines between good and evil are so closely drawn by many denominations, the milliners are not preached at and prayed over and legislated against. Make no mistake, I am not advocating any such measure, but still I cannot help asking, why not?

Of course if a crusade is ever started against expensiveness and extravagance in dress the women would not be the only sufferers. If we can imagine the world turning back to the time of the Quaker gown and poke hat we can see again the dull colors of male attire accentuated and tailors' bills lessened. But modern men are not as given to frivolities of this sort as women. Women wear lace and things which cost a great deal of money, and mankind cannot find a reason for the expenses, insomuch as they are concealed from public view. One dare not ask the question but timorously, but why do women go to great expense to obtain garments which only they and the washerwoman are presumed to see? Are they always expecting accidents on the street or on railway, or something of that sort, and so insist upon

co-operative plan, lighting the City Hall and conveying the residue of power to adjacent properties. In this way the city, being allowed a reasonable percentage for the use of its plant, could light the municipal building very cheaply, and a practical demonstration of the feasibility of a larger plant for lighting the city streets and selling power to consumers, be established. Why does not the City Council do something to save us from the reputation of being at the mercy of one at least of the many monopolies against which we can now make no effectual protest? At present the taxpayers of Toronto find themselves face to face with the following fixed charges: Taxes (local and general), water rates, insurance rates, telephone and telegraph rates, gas rates, electric light charges, etc. No matter how big the bill may be in any one of these departments, the City Council professes inability to make a change for the better. To make this city attractive to business people the aldermen should see to it that in none of these details, which enter so largely into every extensive enterprise, is an excessive rate permitted to pass until all the resources of the Council are exhausted. If aldermen were aware how much futile rage is stirred up amongst the most energetic business men by the continual dropping down upon them of official documents which state that they must pay so much for taxes, so much for water, so much for insurance, so much for gas, so much for electric light, so much for their telephone service, and so much for freights, and a half a dozen other things for which individuals or corporations are permitted to make charges which cannot be contested, they would understand that the people of this city are already beginning to feel that trusts and monopolies are as free to the individual as the corporation itself.

A man going to his office in the morning must pay a fixed fare on the street car, no matter whether he gets a seat or not, and perhaps a half a dozen Unions of various kinds will be waiting for him to dictate the price he shall pay to his employees. He may groan, but he has to bear it. His tax paper comes, and he may groan again, but he has to pay it. His water rate looms up, and another groan will not lessen its amount. The gas bill, the electric light bill, the telephone bill

protectors and men who are anxious to have a room to which they can go and always find comfortable, are really unprovided for in this growing city. Where can one go and get a bedroom and a little bath attached without paying hotel prices? Where can a family of two or three find rooms warmed, lighted, and cared for without paying the price of a whole house? Where can the married or unmarried woman find herself secure from intrusion and yet obtain the modern necessities, including meals at a restaurant when wanted?

It is quite true one may go to a boarding-house or one may take furnished rooms or have unfurnished rooms, but inconveniences equal to housekeeping are at once suggested. A large apartment house down-town or up-town would find an immense number of people offering themselves as tenants. The heating, lighting, care-taking all being done, the occupant of an apartment would find himself or herself comfortable on returning from work. An adjacent restaurant or one in the building, or a service in the apartments, would do away with the necessity of going out and surrying about for meals.

In San Francisco the majority of the people live in such apartments, and restaurants can be found which will provide an excellent dinner, patronized by well-behaved and well-educated people, the price of which runs from fifteen to thirty-five cents for a four to seven course dinner, including a small bottle of native wine, a pint bottle of lager, or a cup of tea or coffee. A number of buildings which are being vacated by commercial tenants down-town could without great expense be refitted as apartment houses. Those using apartments and those desiring to use comfortable rooms of the sort mentioned are much more numerous than landlords imagine. There are many people who go from boarding-house to boarding-house because they get tired of the food provided. Unless they cook for themselves in their own rooms there is no escape from boarding-house conditions. It is a great expense to move every now and then from one boarding-house to another, and while the rooms may be pleasant it is almost impossible to live up-town in furnished apartments, as there are no restaurants to supply the demands of changeable tastes. It seems to me that down-town is the place for the apartment houses, for good restaurants can be found and others will develop as lodgers who go out to their meals become more numerous.

Even the English system of apartments finds no counterpart in Canada, though it is very comfortable to have a nice room and be able to order or personally purchase the supplies and have them cooked and served in one's room. Those who begin this sort of thing in Toronto may for a few months find a little difficulty, but in the end the business will be a profitable one.

A sample of how much money the fire insurance companies are making out of the immense rates they charge, I give below a few figures from the report of the twenty-eighth ordinary general meeting of the Queen City Fire Insurance Company of last month. They only had 3,157 policies in force at the end of the year, yet they made, exclusive of liberal salaries for directors, etc., \$15,820 on a paid-up capital of \$50,000 out of a subscribed capital of \$100,000. Their profit and loss account up to December 31, 1898, proves that this was not an exceptional year, for following is their statement as advertised:

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1898.

Dr.	
To Balance carried over (less Bonus Dividend, etc.) from 1897.....	\$55,737 62
" Revenue Account, 1898.....	15,820 32
	<hr/>
Cr.	
By Dividend No. 29 to shareholders 25 per cent. on original paid-up capital.....	\$ 2,500 00
" Amount written off Building.....	4,050 70
" Be Insurance Reserve, Government Standard 50 per cent.....	\$21,430 74
" Excess over all Liabilities, including Rest or Reserve Fund (\$75,000). 43 576 50	<hr/> 65 007 24
	<hr/> 871,557 94

BALANCE SHEET, 31ST DECEMBER, 1898.

LIABILITIES.	
To Capital Stock (50 per cent. paid up).....	\$100,000 00
" Rest or Reserve Fund.....	75,000 00
" Profit and Loss (including Re-Insurance Reserve).....	<hr/> 65 007 24
	140,007 24
	<hr/> 824,007 24

ASSETS.	
By Capital Stock liable to call.....	\$50,000 00
" Real Estate—Company's Buildings.....	864,000 00
" Real Estate—169 Elizabeth street.....	1,871 98
" First Mortgages on Real Estate.....	45,655 00
" D. venture—Bell L. and S. Co. 10,000 00	
" Stocks—Bell Telephone Co. 8,785 00	
" Loans on Stocks—	
Toronto El. Light Co.; Dominion Bk.; Dominion Tele. Co.; Canadian Bank of Commerce; C. P. R. Co.; Building and Loan Assoc.; Western Assurance Co. 40,131 79	
" Accrued Interest and Rents.....	728 98
" Cash on Deposit—Dominion Bank.....	124 26
" Cash on Deposit Imperial Trusts Co. 7,715 80	
" Debtors and Creditors' Balance. 1,994 43	<hr/> 190,007 24
	<hr/> 240,007 24

This company is assessed for land and building \$24,450, and income \$5,000, showing that those who make the most money, and even in their annual statement admit that after deducting everything that is conceivable they have made \$15,820, find it easier to escape proper taxation than the man who with difficulty makes both ends meet.



BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

What is The Matter With British Columbia?

While the rest of Canada is putting in its spare time discussing the great Canadian problem, British Columbia is solving it. It is the country of hope and the land of destiny. It has produced about one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars' worth of minerals, chiefly gold and coal, and there is enough more stored in its limitless mountain ranges to furnish the world with the sinews of war for the next hundred and twenty-five millions of years. This vast wealth has gone to enrich Englishmen and Yankees—chiefly Yankees. Canadians have secured a little of it, but only a little. It depends entirely on themselves how much they secure in the future. Certain it is that the money-bags of Canada are in British Columbia, and if Canada is ever to rise to the dignity of nationhood and realize to the full the aspirations of those who love her best, it will be through the millions and billions and trillions of dollars which this Pacific province is ready and willing to yield to those who have the courage and the enterprise to tear them from their hiding-places in her peaked and jagged breasts. You seldom hear a British Columbia merchant complaining of hard times; you seldom see a man out of work, and you never meet a British Columbian who is not prepared to take a thousand oaths that this is God's country and the only place on earth fit for a white man to live in. You bemoan the lack of Canadian sentiment in the East. You would have to hire an army to keep down British Columbian sentiment in British Columbia. It is the pot of gold that does it. We may not all of us have the pot, but it is always at the

other end of the rainbow and there is no reason that it should not be the portion of every man, seeing that it hangs there for those who have the wit and energy to grasp it. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and there is no corner of Canada that stirs the springs of hope so profoundly as British Columbia. One paying gold mine can do more towards cultivating a firm and active belief in the possibilities of one's own country than all the after-dinner speeches and gracefully written editorial articles between here and the sheer cliff of eternity. What is the pregnant thought or the lingering phrase compared to an endless chain of endless opportunities for acquiring and cultivating a bank account? This is mercenary talk. I have been taught to believe from childhood that the love of money is the root of all evil. Let us admit that. In the generous hearts of the mighty West there is very little love of money for its own sake. Those who seek it do so, not for the mere selfish pleasure of possession, but because, being sensible human beings, they recognize it as a means to an end, a means that is absolutely indispensable in any sort of human achievement, whether it be the conduct of great business enterprises or the building of great nations. The Jig-saw philosophy of districts largely agricultural teaches us that contentment is better than riches; but the big logs in the world's lumber mills are never cut by Jig-saws. Before the lifetime of the present generation expires, the West should be the biggest factor in the great Canadian question, and British Columbia will be the biggest factor in the West.

No doubt it is a glorious province, and wild horses shall not tear one disparaging word from me concerning it. May its lusty youth develop into a rich, mellow, gold-bearing, silver-streaked old age. May its inhabitants wax fat upon a diet of quartz and resources. The ringing enthusiasm of my friend Nichol about the wonderful future that lies before British Columbia merits a fervent amen. But some of us must stay here and portage the supplies over the waste places of the East, see to the disposal of public patronage, and cherish the sacred traditions of the U. E. Loyalists, and I humbly crave to be one of these. Picking up a ten pound nugget in the morning would never compensate me for one rainy night in a leaky tent. Breakfast consumed from the friendly side of a damp log has no mysterious attraction, and the lousy ambition of being tossed over the head of a broncho I leave to others. Go west, gentlemen, if you please, and grow up with the country, but leave me a niche in the effete civilizations. When you return millionaires and purchase peerages, and found universities, you will need some people to line the public streets and cheer. In that crowd of hero-worshippers, rather out at elbows, pale with excitement and frequent ablations, but having enjoyed to the full the refinements of existence, you will find me. Do not give even a careless nod to your shabby acquaintance, for I shall not expect it. You will have expended the best years of your life in digging for gold, in falling over precipices, and in acquiring a bewildering superfluity of expletives. Your offspring will bury you magnificently, search the Herald's office for a new pedigree, and a generation later, having attained the inner circles of the most select society, will refer with flippancy to the hardy old pioneer who made the fortunes of the family. By all means go to British Columbia. There is a daily train. As for me, I stay here.

For the next discussion I propose the question, Who is C. and why is he allowed to conceal himself behind an initial that might stand for Campbell, Cholmondeley, Clark, Cooper or Colquhoun? He says: "Picking up a ten-pound nugget in the morning would never compensate me for one rainy night in a leaky tent." Has he really considered this thing? Gold is worth, I am told, about \$240 a pound. Quinine is quoted at less than \$6 a pound. The best whiskey, I am told, can be procured for \$1.25 per quart bottle. Therefore, presuming C. slept in the rainy tent, caught cold and found his nugget in the morning, the account would stand thus: One ten-pound nugget at \$240 per lb..... \$2,400 00 Ten pounds of quinine at \$5 per lb..... \$ 50 00 100 bottles of best whiskey for self and sympathizing friends..... 125 00

175 00 Balance to credit of C..... \$2,225 00 It is evident that C. is not a man of business.

To my mind there is nothing the matter with British Columbia except that the coy maiden is eager and anxious to get all she can from her older sisters and pay them in promises. She is young, lusty and growing, but she is neither the biggest nor best-looking girl in the family. So long as she is content to keep on growing and respects the feelings of the others, none of us in the effete East will do any kicking. When, however, she tries to put on airs, and tells us that she is the finest posie in the bunch; that she is destined eventually to be in a position to wipe out the national debt and keep the other members of the family out of the poorhouse; that her gold and other precious metals are better than those of any other, and that she gets her blushes where the evening sun kisses the Pacific, whilst her sisters are able to get only the cool breath of the morning sunrise, we want to tell her and those who speak for her, right here and now, that the sisters in the East are neither wrinkled nor unduly aged, that health and wealth is their portion, that they were the burden-bearers of Confederation when British Columbia was in swaddling clothes, and now, in their grand maturity, they are able to continue the good work of making Confederation's ends meet. We all hail British Columbia in her new-found strength, and rejoice that the blooming maid is now able and willing to assist in furthering the destiny of "Our Lady of the Snows," but I would gently remind the darling that she should make sure of keeping up with the procession before she undertakes to lead. She shouldn't get giddy and think that she is the leading lady in the show simply because she has been successful in leading captive our old and esteemed fellow laborers on the journalistic treadmill, Walter C. Nichol, of that ilk.

It has been observed that the air in some regions of the earth so affects a man as to make him believe he is a colossus, able to cross the widest rivers or scale the highest mountains at a stride. One who goes from Toronto to anywhere on Lake Superior notices it in the free way men talk of enterprises high up in the millions. If he moves on to Lake of the Woods, the vision broadens and the prevailing inflation begins to possess himself, although the streets of the towns are not paved with gold. If he goes as far as Winnipeg, he discovers that the least among the citizens are dwelling in the first heaven and have lost all consciousness of respect for "slow old Ontario," whence most of them have migrated. How it may be farther west I do not pretend to know, but I fancy that had D. moved among the people in the region of the Sea of Mountains he might have added an eleventh to the heavens of the Paradies. Golconda was not in it with the mineral wealth of British Columbia, if all accounts are true. Measured in weight of gold, that wealth is 12,500,000,000 short tons. Compared with the value of all the natural resources of the United States at the last census enumeration, inclusive of the mineral industries, it is as large as that country could produce at the same rate in 744,000 years; or compared with the value of that country's minerals as shown by the same census, it is as much as she could produce in 20,000,000 years; or compared with all the world's output of gold at that time, it is as much as the rest of the world at the same rate could produce in 135,000,000 years. We are more modest in Ontario, where the air is not so buoyant. Yet we possess a belt of mineral bearing lands that stretches for thousand miles across the province from the St. Lawrence to the Manitoba boundary, with a breadth of a hundred miles, easy of access by water and railway. We have within that belt the largest known area in the world of corundum-bearing lands. We have, too, the largest area of nickel-bearing lands. We have besides great deposits of copper and iron ores. And we have several areas of gold-bearing lands, any one of them of larger extent than the famous Witwatersrand—some in the eastern,

some in the northern, and more in the western parts of the province. Saving in one small tract, all the gold ores are free-milling, and the gold may be won cheaply, with an investment of capital small as compared with what is required in treating the refractory ores of many regions elsewhere. Besides, we have in the Old Ontario the best country for all-round farming in America, and in the New Ontario of the north we have millions of acres of rich virgin soil, and millions upon millions of acres covered with pulp-wood timber with infinite water-power to help the manufacture of it. Here, at our doors, there is room for expansion that an Empire might envy.

Social and Personal.

THE concert given by Mr. Plunket Greene and Miss Beverley Robinson was a miniature replica of their successful big venture in Massey Music Hall some weeks ago. Last Monday evening saw the carriages of the élite in unwonted numbers in McGill street and the seats of Association Hall occupied by as sweetly select an audience as merit and connection can get together in our city. Miss Beverley Robinson has deserved the success she gained on both occasions, and her friends emphasized the fact by turning out in numbers and receiving her with enthusiasm. Mr. Plunket Greene was, as usual, the darling of the *claqueurs*, who heard his large stock of songs in admiring content, and then did the usual Oliver Twist act which has gained Toronto a name among the cities for insatiable. The young Irishman looks like the end of a hard season of travel, song, and the incidental wear and tear of the popular vocalist. His pallor touches the hearts of the women, his dash and dignity please the men. His songs haunt one persistently, Edinbro, Edinbro, and that merry little milkmaid ditty, the *Erl-King's* seductive song, and the child's terrified cry, with the careless lilt and the minor wail of the songs of Ireland, a *mélange* that no one else gives us. The new song, Magdalene, which was given here for the first time, was so original that it won every listener, the notion of the insolent blackbird demanding admission to Paradise for the penitent woman being startling and acceptable. "She is sorry, Let her in, Let her in." The audience, being of culture and perception to catch the full significance of many of Mr. Plunket Greene's most delicate effects, responded with sighs or smiles. Most of the little parties of pretty women and their cavaliers knew each other, and there was much smiling and nodding on every side. The Government House party sat in the gallery in their usual seats. Mrs. Strachan, Captain and Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Lady Meredith with her daughters, Mrs. Thorburn and Miss Meredith, and her son-in-law-elect, Dr. George Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Strathy and their guest, Mrs. Russell, Lady Thompson and her daughters, Hon. G. W. Allan, Mrs. and Miss Allan, Judge and Mrs. Osler, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, the Misses Boulton, Captain Gilpin Brown, Mr. and Miss Cassells, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. George Burton, Mrs. and Miss Hees, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Miss Ethel White, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hankey, Mr. Donovan, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mr. McInnes, Mr. Hayter, the Misses Nordheimer, Dr. and Mrs. and Miss Birdie Warren, Messrs. Heward, Judge and Mrs. Moss, Miss Moss, Miss Small, Mrs. Charles Macdougall and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten were a few of those present. The songstress of the evening wore a most dainty and becoming gown of cream-white tissue over satin with a *berthe* of delicate lace caught over the shoulders with cerise flowers.

A touching little episode of the late Lord Herschell has been told me by one of the party lately in Washington, who were known as the High Joints. One of Lord Herschell's little girls wrote to him in December: "Dear Daddy,—Please give those nasty Yankees everything they want, and come home to us for Christmas," little dreaming how and when the dear daddy would return. The deceased statesman was of singularly winning and lovable character, and all who were associated with him echo the words of my correspondent, that to know him had been a good thing.

Dr. Parkin's lecture on Oxford life attracted a fine audience to Trinity last Saturday afternoon. The large after-gatherings of the previous Saturday were replaced by several small and cosy teas. Mr. Alec Ireland again entertained a lot of young people, and Mr. Canfield, now quite recovered from grippe, was also a host, and so was Mr. Jack Baldwin. Professor Bedford-Jones was the only dignitary who kept open house. The men who entertain are an object lesson to hosts and hostesses the world over for kindness and alert solicitude to ensure everyone a good time, and one gets such pleasant surprises in various ways. Contrasts are the rule, and, by the way, there is none greater than that between the student's saucy device for a gas globe of an inverted porcelain lamp-shade, which made everyone laugh at its ingenuity, and that dream of beauty and crinkled rose leaves, which does duty on Professor Jones' parlor lamp, a shade before which all lesser shades do homage. To-day the Provost lectures on Thackeray, and those who know their Thackeray and know also their Provost are looking forward to a refined and delightful study of the novelist of society.

On Saturday Mr. J. D. A. Tripp entertained Emil Sauer at luncheon at McConkey's, where a small party had the pleasure of an hour with the gifted pianist, who, I am glad to hear, is much benefited by the rest cure of Toronto. Those who met Herr Sauer are thinking of sending circulars to overtaxed musicians who may follow his example and give us the chance of such a treat as we had last week. By the way, a humorous tale was that told by Mr. Monckton of *Black and White* about his three days' seclusion at the Queen's, with gripe and the bell-boy for his only companions. The rest cure did not appeal to the jolly publisher with the same force it did to the over-tired pianist.

The Banda Rossa roused much enthusiasm among musical people at their four concerts this week, though the audiences were not as large as they should have been; many nervous persons cannot stand the noise of such an aggregation indoors. The favorite number was apparently the Carmen selection, in which the Toreador song and the burst of applause which in the opera greets his entrance to the ring, were given with grand effect. The trumpet solo from *Stabat Mater* was a grand tone. The handsome conductor, Signor Sorrentino, though lately a sufferer from an attack of appendicitis, did not spare efforts or encores for his audience. On Wednesday afternoon some charming groups of children were seen here and there, a couple of precocious mites in the *loges de paradis* creating much amusement by their energetic piano performances on the rail of their box. They had evidently studied the antics of famous players, and reproduced them with much ornate dumb show. On Wednesday evening a rather smart audience was present, and Mrs. Marshall Pease's singing elicited approval on each occasion. On Tuesday evening she wore a very pretty white gown of pleated chiffon over satin, and at the matinees a most smart and dainty costume of violet cloth, edged with fur, and richly trimmed with cream applique and violet chiffon. In the back seats a party of students made things interesting in a quiet way.

A correspondent writes for information as to calls and card leaving, wanting to know whether it is necessary—no, customary—to call after a luncheon or Sunday supper, if a first invitation. It is not necessary, and I have never heard of the custom. Is it proper to leave an additional card for the daughter of the house? It is if the daughter called on you and left her card, or if her name was on her mother's, but it is seldom done unless the daughter is a notable, or somewhat advanced in age. Is it necessary when paying a dinner or tea call to leave cards? Certainly; why not? You leave your own card only when paying a call in acknowledgment of a hospitality in which your husband was not included. The etiquette of cards is a subject of grave enquiry and unrest, but a small amount of reason and common sense would make it simple.

"Why should I leave a card if I find that the wife is away?" asks another. How can you expect your hostess to remember and credit your visit if you don't? "Do I leave two of my husband's cards for a widow, or a lady whose husband is away for years?" asks another. The widow would find a second card superfluous, I fancy. If the woman who is a "grass" widow leaves her husband's card, you must assume his presence and leave your husband's, just as though he were not absent.

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March 11, 1899

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3

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TORONTO

Social and Personal.

The Ontario Society of Artists welcomed a very large assembly of their patrons and friends on Thursday evening of last week at their gallery in King street west, where the pictures selected by the Hanging Committee were on view. Artistically and socially the event was quite a notable one, and a very smart crowd was in attendance. The artists were modestly receptive of the more or less intelligent compliments and criticisms of their admirers, and the exhibition proved of considerable interest. From each wall looked down some cherished child of native genius, and the impressionist sat side by side with the older "methodist," if such a word may be used. Mr. and Mrs. George Reid, the most typical couple of the artist world; Miss Hagarty, always sweetly cordial and taking her art seriously; Mr. Morris, that daring colorist whose success is a byword; Mr. Manly, with his gorsehills and tinted foliage in new and charming pictures; Mr. McGillivray Knowles, with, as before, a striking exhibit (*Psyche* was the cynosure of all eyes). Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker came early and stayed late; Mrs. Walker wore a most artistic green gown with angel sleeves of white chiffon. Mrs. and Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. A. D. Stewart, the Misses Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Ricardo Seaver, Mrs. and the Misses Taylor, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Allen were a few of those present. The assembly, in the earlier evening, included most of the people interested in art in our city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford are to take up house at 68 Bloor street west very shortly.

Last Sunday afternoon the christening of Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thomson's son and heir took place in St. James' Cathedral. Mrs. Mulock was godmother, and the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the Postmaster-General are godfathers to their name child, Wilfrid Mulock. Most of the wedding group of a couple of years ago were gathered for this happy event, and everyone admired the fine baby.

Never, never, has Massey Hall been so well packed for any musical event as it was for the Male Chorus Club's concert on Thursday evening of last week. Rows and rows of Sauer enthusiasts, ranks of Tripp admirers and hundreds of ladies fair whose men folks are the members of this really fine chorus, and who always turn out to encourage them. The evening's programme was entirely supplied by the sterner sex, and though many regretted the non-arrival of the tenor who sent instead a physician's certificate, regret changed to delight when the brave manne with the grand voice who took his place had sung his first number. A bright and jolly little gentleman is Mr. Gwyllin Miles, and he will always be welcome. It would be quite impossible to mention those who were present. Every one seemed to be there.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyld of Dunedin are touring in California. Mr. Walter S. Lee left this week for England on business. Miss Mabel Lee is in New York. Mrs. Michie and her mother are still at Nassau, and the invalid is gaining strength daily. Mr. Herbert Mason went yesterday to England. Mr. Cesare Marani, who had been in town since Monday, accompanied his father-in-law. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Vandersmissen informally invited a number of the Varsity set to meet Mr. Marani and take tea. Principal and Mrs. Loudon, Professor and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Ellis, Professor and Mrs. Galbraith, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Alley, Miss Mason, Professor and Mrs. Louis Stewart were among those who enjoyed a chat with Mr. Marani and wished him *bon voyage*.

Miss Allison MacKenzie of Woodstock has been the guest of Miss Mae Dickenson of Glen Donald for the past two weeks. Many a bright evening has been spent in the cozy homes of South Parkdale during the winter. One of the brightest of the year was that of Friday of last week at Dr. Sparrow's pretty residence in Jameson avenue, when Miss Sparrow was At Home to her many friends. After a jolly progressive euchre in which ten tables were surrounded, a delicious repast was served, then followed an enjoyable dance. During the intervals of the dance Miss Lillian Welch gave an admirable recita-

tion in which she cleverly interpreted French-Canadian dialect, and Dr. Malcolm Sparrow's sweet tenor voice was heard in selections that were much appreciated. Mrs. Sparrow assisted her daughter in contributing to a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Maurice J. Buckley of Avenue road entertained a number of out-of-town friends at a Lenten *musicalie* last week. Among the guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Webster, Miss O'Neill of Ingleside, Miss McMann, Miss Anderson, and Messrs. Castle, Fraser and Jellatt.

A new firm of stock brokers, Messrs. Kerr & Morson, is composed of Mr. George Kerr and Mr. Walter Morson, who have offices in the McKinnon Building.

Mrs. E. Tiffin, wife of the General Freight Agent Canadian Pacific Railway, 400 Jarvis street, has left for Southern California for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. T. H. Kelsey arrived home from St. Thomas last week and will receive the first three Wednesdays of the month.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at St. Thomas' church on Saturday, March 4, at eight p.m., the contracting parties being Mr. A. E. Andrews and Miss M. E. Soper, only daughter of Mr. W. Soper. The bride was given away by Mr. G. E. Gibbard on account of the father's illness. Miss M. Reed acted as bridesmaid and Mr. H. Troman as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. H. Hartley. The bride was attired in a lawn cloth costume and carried a large bouquet of roses.

Among the pupils who played at the one hundred and fiftieth *musicalie* of Professor Martin Krause was a young Toronto girl, Miss Jennie Byford, daughter of Mr. G. R. Byford, Spadina avenue. This young pianist attracted much attention both from her youth and her undoubted ability. In September, 1897, Mr. Harry Field brought his young pupil to the well known pedagogue, Professor Martin Krause, with whom she has studied most industriously ever since. Miss Byford played Grieg's *Humoreske* in G minor, and one of the excellent studies of Sinding. These pieces showed an unusually developed musical feeling and intelligence, a fine tone, marked rhythm, but above all genuinely artistic style. The performance was listened to with very evident interest and pleasure, and the young Torontonian received some of the most sincere and spontaneous applause of the evening.

The death of Dr. Wright, father of Mrs. Irving Cameron, took place on Tuesday after a long period of invalidism, and removed from medical circles a very respected practitioner and one of the old-time Torontonians. Mrs. Cameron is unfortunately far away in Leipzig with her daughter, Miss Evelyn, who is pursuing her studies under Krause. Much sympathy goes to her from many warm friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House and Miss Cawthra are to go to Mordington in May.

A concert that will interest music-lovers of this city will be the one to be given in Massey Hall on Thursday, April 6. I may here also that the following distinguished persons have consented to be present and lend their patronage to this grand musical event: Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Sir William and Lady Mereith, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Hardy, Hon. Chief Justice and Mrs. Street, Mr. S. and Mrs. Nordheimer, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Shaw and Council. There will be two chief attractions; one will be the reappearance of Richard Burmester, the great pianist, who, it will be remembered, created enormous excitement on his first visit in December last at Association Hall. The Fadette's Women's Orchestra of Boston will make their first appearance before a Toronto audience, and it is expected will make a decided hit. The ladies of this orchestra are all from the most aristocratic families of Boston, and it was with great difficulty that they were persuaded to leave their native city, which will make it all the more interesting when they play here. Miss Lillian Chandler, connected with the orchestra, is one of the greatest violinists in America to-day. The assisting soloist will be Mrs. H. W. Parker of the Conservatory. The subscribers' list for this grand concert was opened at Nordheimer's yesterday.

Mrs. Gormally and Miss Thistle were the hostesses on Thursday evening at a very successful skating party in the Rielau Rink. On Monday evening Mrs. Dohell also entertained in the same delightful way.

A very bright and jolly Kettledrum given on Thursday evening claimed charming Mrs. Fielding as hostess. It was given in honor of her pretty young visitor, Miss Holmes, and in consequence the guests, with a few exceptions, were all young people. Mrs. Fielding, assisted by her two daughters, received in the drawing-room, while in the dining-room the dainty tea-table was presided over by Miss Walker Powell and Miss Smith.

An orchestra, concealed on the stairway as

orchestras are wont to be at tea, rendered sweet music during the afternoon.

Mrs. Hutton, always the center of a jolly group, was among the few married women

present.

Mrs. Casey of Belleville, wife of Mr. Casey, M.P. for West Elgin, is in town on

a visit to Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

The Minister of Interior and Mrs. Sifton gave a very successful dinner party on Thursday evening. Covers were laid for eighteen at the tastefully decorated table. Those present included: Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Hon. Mr. Blair and Mrs. Blair, Mr. Sheriff Sweetland, Miss Sparks, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacTavish, Mr. and Mrs. Chrysler, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Reid, Mrs. Casey of Belleville and Colonel Foster.

Miss Ursula Davies, daughter of Capt. Davies, R.N., of Bloxham, England, is a recent arrival in town on a visit of some months to her uncle, Sir Louis Davies. Miss Davies' elder sister spent last winter in Ottawa and by her charming manner made a host of friends during her stay.

With no small degree of surprise did the news come to society this week of the engagement of Lady Sybil Beauchler to Capt. Lasselles, A.D.C. Lady Sybil Beauchler is a niece of the Countess of Minto and a sister of the Duke of St. Albans. Capt. Lasselles is a younger son of Sir Frank Lasselles, the British Ambassador at Berlin. Congratulations galore have been showered upon the young couple, both of whom are immensely popular.

Lieut.-Col. Herchimer, Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police, is in town at present, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Allan.

Mrs. W. F. Powell was the hostess at a jolly little tea on Saturday afternoon. It

was originally intended for a skylight party, but unkind fate intervening, the tea hour was merrily spent inside.

Ottawa, Mar. 7, 1899.

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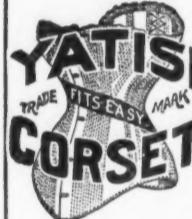
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OLD JOPPER'S VOTE;

or, How George Pedal, M.P., Obtained His Majority.

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS, IN THE STRAND.

Author of *The Bayonet that Came Home, etc.*

MR. JOSEPH JOPPER, of 2 Crane alley, refused to be interviewed by either of the Parliamentary candidates. He said openly to friends, "I don't belong to either of your Tories nor your Radicals. Look 'ee're! They're jes' six o' one and 'arf a dozen of the other. And I ain't a-goin' to vote for neither Gaskin nor Pedal. I ain't."

Bubbleton Borough was in for one of the closest contests on record. A single vote might determine the issue. The gossip of clubs and inns said so, the party journals anxiously admitted it. Radicals were well aware that they had a clever man in Pedal. They could even point to the record of the last election with its astoundingly encouraging increase in their vote. But Pedal had a weak point. He was not "local" either by birth, property, or even temporary residence. That was where so much of his argument failed against his rival's supporters. "Gaskin is one of us. Our interests are his," they said. Such a personal influence counts for much in an election.

The political attitude assumed by Mr. Jopper appeared remarkable as the polling day drew closer. His indifference amidst a hotly increasing excitement was impressive. People began to talk about Jopper. Some termed him an independent thinker, others called him an awkward old cuss. Presently the political agents of the parties grew cunning and sought out Mr. Jopper's personal friends. "Come, now! you know old Jopper," they said, very persuasively. "Try what you can do with him."

No. 2 Crane alley is a fried fish shop. Occasionally Jopper was to be found at the counter; more often he was hawking in the streets with a barrow. In the latter case, it was Mrs. Jopper who answered to customers. She was young, absurdly young, when compared with her husband; pretty, and newly married. The visitors, both Radicals and Conservatives, thought that they saw their electoral opportunity in Mrs. Jopper. Their arguments were powerfully disturbing to an enthusiastic nature; their entreaties that she should use her good offices with Jopper were exciting to an emotional soul. Soon she was sounding her husband with a tremendous sense of responsibility—was it the Radicals or the Conservatives which were right?

Jopper had a stoop which made him hang his head forwards. His countenance was fat, fresh in color, but aged with time. He wore a coat-waistcoat with dark grecian sleeves. It drew up in wrinkles towards the shoulders, allowing an inch of shirt to appear above the dirty check trousers.

"The Radicals or the Conservatives?" he repeated listlessly.

"Yes," she urged, her lips parting breathlessly with interest.

There was a weighty pause. Jopper straightened the curve in his back.

"It don't count neither way," he said; adding explanatorily, "I shouldn't be a 'penny the better off either of 'em."

The answer did not appear satisfactory. Mrs. Jopper heaved a deep sigh of disappointment. Presently she remarked, with a sudden appearance of vivacity:

"Gaskin passed by 'ere to-day—I see 'em—close as me to you."

Mr. Jopper yawned cavernously, displaying some ill-sown yellow teeth.

"Did 'e?" he asked, indifferently.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jopper, "he did." She paused, adding, reflectively, "E looks—"

Mrs. Jopper hesitated; a dreamy expression came into her blue eyes, shadowing over an excessive animation of the face.

"E looks—wot?" Mr. Jopper urged, moving restlessly in his chair.

"Why! A real gentleman," Mrs. Jopper replied, with sudden decision, adding, "and 'e is 'andsome, too."

"You think 'im—'andsome, do yer?" Jopper asked, glancing sourly at her from the corners of his eyes.

"Yes. 'E is as like 'is pictur in the Express as two peas. I knew 'im at onst by the moustache. 'E is a deal better lookin' nor Pedal."

Jopper rose noiselessly to his feet.

"Moustache or no moustache, I don't want 'im 'ere," he said, angrily; and he quitted the room, banging the door behind him.

"There! now he is bin and got jealous as usual," Mrs. Jopper remarked, grumbly, to herself. It was a distressing perception which was gradually flooded over by the hourly growing agitation in Mrs. Jopper's mind—which were right, the Radicals or the Conservatives?

II.
MR. GASKIN dealt with a Bond street tailor. It was not an extravagance. He owned a large part of Bubbleton. The epithet "smart," with all which it connotes when applied to a man's wardrobe, will describe Mr. Gaskin's sartorial appearance. For the rest, he was forty, tall, and well set-up. He had just finished breakfast, and now directed his steps towards the study.

III.
THE postman does not often call at Crane alley. The man himself felt it that it was an event. Smiling, he handed a letter to Mrs. Jopper.

"For me?" she gasped.

"For you!" he replied.

Jopper was out. Nevertheless, Mrs. Jopper ran up to the privacy of a bedroom upon the second floor, before she trusted herself to open the precious missive that, with its beautiful paper and handwriting, must surely come from Mr. Gaskin. "Madam"—its first word brought a brilliant color into her cheeks. She had never been addressed as "Madam" in her life. She perused it in an ecstasy of gratified vanity. "There," she whispered, hollowly, to herself, "There!"

"There are a good many, sir, this morning," the secretary remarked, following Mr. Gaskin's gaze. He rose to his feet.

"It gets worse every day," Mr. Gaskin grumbled. "I shall be thankful when the poll is over."

The secretary smiled. Turning to a side table, he took up an oblong parcel, which was enclosed in a coarse brown paper that appeared crumpled as with much service.

"This came by the parcel post," he explained.

"What is it?" Mr. Gaskin asked, idly, holding out his hand.

"It bears the 'Bubbleton' postmark," the secretary remarked, dubiously, "but—"

"Why, it is heavy as lead," Mr. Gaskin interrupted. He turned the parcel over in his hand, his expression expanding with astonishment, as he eyed it curiously. "And—Why:—"

Their eyes met.

"What's that you've just shoved into your pocket?" he asked, masterfully.

"It's—G! It's me."

Mrs. Jopper had been taking a sly glance of enjoyment. She drew back in alarm.

"It ain't nothin'," she replied. "It's only a reckonin' o' Saturday's red 'errin's."

"And it over, d'ye 'ear?" Mr. Jopper said, more masterfully.

"Yer' see it already, Joe," Mrs. Jopper answered, faintly, hoping to escape.

"I ain't. And it ain't no red 'errin' reckonin'. It's a letter; I see the envelope."

There was no escape. Mrs. Jopper drew forth Mr. Gaskin's letter with a trembling hand. It was snatched from her grasp.

"Give me a penknife," he muttered.

Presently there was a crisp snick, then the rustling of paper being unfolded. A second later, Mr. Gaskin drew forth a quart bottle of pickled onions.

"So you've been a-writin' to 'im! You've been a-sendin' 'im my pickled onions, 'ave yer?" said Mr. Jopper, threateningly, after a dreadful silence spent in perusal.

Mrs. Jopper raised her hands beseechingly.

"John!" said Mr. Gaskin, "I am sorry, but I must ask for those pickles back, which I gave you yesterday. I'll make it up to you some other way."

"But, Joe, 'e 'ull eat 'em 'isself, if yer only let 'im," she pleaded, pathetically. "E 'ull eat the werry pickles as I made w' my own 'ands. Think o' that, now."

And Mrs. Jopper raised a martyr's face.

"Gaskin eat your pickles! Gaskin!" said Mr. Jopper, wretchedly.

Mrs. Jopper felt herself choking with disappointment. She raised a hand pitifully to her throat.

"Never! If I knows it," said Mr. Jopper, with jealous force; and he quitted the room, carrying Mr. Gaskin's letter with him.

A sweep of gravel drive curves round to the front door. There is a point where a path upon the left leads away behind the mansion. Jopper saw this path plainly. But he refused to be guided by it. His angry emotions disposed him to claim an equality with Mr. Gaskin by walking sturdily along the gravel drive. Jopper scarcely realized his social boldness till the bell was rung and he was waiting impatiently upon a broad white surface at the head of a flight of steps.

At length the door opened.

"I want to see Mr. Gaskin," he said, a red flush expanding from under the dirt-smears that were upon his face.

John, the man-servant, hesitated.

The appearance of Jopper would have harmonized better with the framework of the back door. Nevertheless, at election times—

"What name shall I give?" he asked, doubtfully.

The reply came boldly and straightforwardly:—

"Joe Jopper."

"Step in, sir."

The high door was closed behind him. Jopper stood upon the tessellated pavement of a fine hall. "Thank-ee," he said, seating himself awkwardly upon the edge of a proffered chair.

The man-servant left him, in search of Mr. Gaskin.

The stillness of the lofty hall, its great oil paintings, its broad flight of stairs—affected Jopper in spite of himself.

He was still indignant, but it was now a confused indignation. He was fearing with alarm that it would be difficult to put it into words amidst this grand furniture. He was nervous, taking out a red handkerchief to mop his face, when John returned through a door.

"This way, please," the man-servant invited.

They traversed a corridor with panels in white and gold. Jopper entered a room confusedly.

"You wished to see me?" Mr. Gaskin said, interrogatively, looking over his shoulder from a writing table.

Jopper swept a glance round. He felt his feet upon the amazing softness of a Turkey carpet.

"I did," he gasped.

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One of Russia's Calamities.

THE attention of the public has been so often appealed to during the past month by the immigration of the Doukhobors and the deplorable events that led to their exile, that probably it may be interesting to some people to read a brief account of the epidemic of suicide that took place at Ternovaya, in South Russia, in the year 1896.

Such catastrophes are not uncommon in the annals of Russian history. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries numerous examples occurred, and have been accounted for by the Government in the absence of treatment of the insane, as only a small percentage were under care, and the remainder at large played prominent parts in social crises.

In this notable case the general oppression of the people, religious persecution, and the fear of exile were the direct and exciting causes of this social psycho-pathological event.

In the town of Ternovaya, a family named Kovalev, living upon their small estate, gathered about them a number of followers belonging to the old Russian faith. The various sects that have arisen from time to time differ but slightly from the fundamental doctrines of the Church, except in forms, and hardly ever in any opinion respecting the nature of the Divinity. No prophet has risen to reform errors, and the changes that have taken place have been in manners rather than matter. Nevertheless the hatred and contempt of these sects, one for another, and the enmity between them and the orthodox Church is excessive. The Kovalev formed a sect, or cult, and their home became its center, Mme. Kovalev, who was a pious, hospitable woman, extending her sway over the community.

The presiding genii, however, were a woman called Vitalie, and a young girl named Pauline. The personalities of these two females were greater than that of Mme. Kovalev, and were dominant forces in the preparation for the terrible event. Vitalie was full of courage and endurance; a woman of about thirty-five years of age. She prayed and fasted and lived the usual routine life within convent walls. Pauline, on the contrary, was cognizant of the doings of the outer world, of its intrigues, its religious persecutions, its daily horrors, and blood-curdling records in past history. She acted as a stimulus to her companion, and the combination was a powerful one. They began their work, which resulted so fatally, by talking of inquisitorial torments, of probable exile to Siberia, for all those who belonged to the new faith. For several months they continued to work upon the minds of the other members of the cult, who offered apparently little resistance to their morbid ideas. Vitalie enlarged from time to time upon the delights of the other world, where they would be able to find an order in peace; whilst Pauline depicted the hardship and gloom of life under the pressure of existing evils.

The result of this pessimistic force upon weak natures, minds filled with the horrors of Siberia and its cruelties, was an abandonment of all labor, and a constant dwelling of thought upon the evils of the future as forecast by their mentors. Many of them sold their possessions, spent long hours in devout exercises, and made outward and inward preparations for death.

Vitalie, still their evil genius, as they debated ways and means of deliverance, proposed entombment, and at length persuaded her own sister to lead the first party to their grave. Feodor Kovalev and his brother Dmitri dug the graves, and entombed the four groups successively, twenty-five persons in all. Each little company marched to their death, clad in clinging shrouds, holding lighted tapers, and chanting a funeral dirge. Each person walked into their tomb, without a sign of resistance, so great was their dread of life and their belief in a happier world beyond. The first grave held the wife and two children of Feodor Kovalev, the sister of Vitalie, and the father of Pauline, together with four other people.

The announcement of a general census throughout Russian territory hastened the burial of the last group, containing Vitalie and Pauline, and the promise of Feodor to them that he would not long survive, was not carried out, as he was arrested shortly after their entombment.

Kovalev, although the chief agent in carrying out the hideous details of this collective suicide, was not certainly the instigator. Physicians and psychologists who have made a point of studying his characteristics, state that he seemed to have lost entirely all power of volition, and to have become paralyzed in energy and feeling, while under the influence of the greater mind of Vitalie. After a certain time he appeared to be aware of the awfulness of the tragedy, and his nature, hitherto callous, realized the primary feelings of remorse. Still, his beliefs as to the happiness and peacefulness of the world to which the victims of fear and religious enthusiasm had departed were still retained, and he expected miracles would take place when their graves were opened. In all other cases of collective suicides on record in Russia the chief factors have taken no part in the calamity, and whether Vitalie went to her death for an eternal reward, or for fear of life as prime mover, one cannot discover from extant evidence.

The fact that is apparent to the thinking world is, that Kovalev, his co-religionists, and their awful fate, are

Unappreciative.
Punch.



(The artist has brought in a number of paintings to be framed for the exhibition of the society).

Picture framer—And I suppose something cheap will do to put around this thing? (And this thing is the artist's own production.)

The direct result of long ages of neglect of the insane, of persecutions of religious cults, and that the occurrence of so recent an event proves that there is still "something rotten in the state" of Russia.

MICMAC.
Toronto, Feb., '99.

MR. COLE ENDORSES

The Report of His Cure of
Rheumatism

By Dodd's Kidney Pills When Every Other
Tried Remedy Had Failed—His Case
was Exceptionally Severe but
Quickly Yielded to Dodd's
Kidney Pills.

Windsor, March 6.—Mr. F. H. Cole, whose case was reported in the Canadian newspapers last week, was met by a friend on the street, a couple of evenings ago:

"Hello! Is this true that I have been reading about you being cured of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills?" asked his friend.

"Why, certainly it's true. Otherwise I should never have permitted it to be published," answered Mr. Cole.

"And did Dodd's Kidney Pills really cure you, or was it your doctor's medicine?"

"I was taking no doctor's medicine. I wasn't using anything except Dodd's Kidney Pills. Therefore it could be nothing else but Dodd's Kidney Pills that cured me."

"Was it a mild case of Rheumatism?"

"Not by any means! It was on the contrary, an exceptionally severe one. I suffered more than I can describe. I tried several of the remedies that were recommended as being 'sure to cure' me. But though one or two of them gave me a little temporary relief, none went anywhere near curing me."

"When a friend urged me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills I demurred. I believed they were no better than the other remedies I had used. However, I bought a box, and began to use them.

"I soon began to feel easier. My sleep came back; the terrible pains vanished, and four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made my cure complete and thorough. I cannot speak too highly of them, and I shall recommend every sufferer from Rheumatism to use them, knowing they will positively cure."

Sweet Young Thing—I wonder why he is called the best man—I mean the man at the wedding who is not getting married? Savage Bachelor—Because he is the best off.

Husband—For whom are you knitting those stockings? Wife—For a benevolent society. Husband—Do you know you might send them my address. Perhaps they would send me a pair.

When the second woman had first begun to carry the purse, she had hidden it in her hand, partly because she was ashamed of using what another had discarded, partly because she had thought that its first owner might again claim it. But now it had grown too full to be concealed, and she resented with herself:

"Why should I try to hide it from sight? True, it was not new when I found it, but I have made it bright and whole, and it is full of treasure;

whereas, when I picked it from the dust it was empty. I need no longer be ashamed of it, and I have made it

as good as new," she said to herself; but still, she did not show it to her friends nor boast of it—as the first woman had done, when it was new—for fear some one might ask where the purse had been found or sneer at her for treasuring what had been cast into the dust of the highway.

She put gold and silver into the empty purse, and though she spent from it freely, each day she put back a coin or two. After a time it seemed to her that the purse had grown heavier, and on counting the coins she was amazed to find that there were more than she had ever put into the purse. After this the purse was more precious to her than any new one that she might have bought, on account of the blessing that it seemed to bring with it.

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"I grant that the purse once belonged to you, but you used it, spent all that was in it, and, when it was torn and tarnished and empty, you became tired of it and threw it away and trod it under foot as you went forward. If I had not seen it the first wheel that passed would have ground it into the dust, and it would have been utterly worthless. Is it not rightly mine since I have saved it from destruction and made it what it now is?"

Again the crowd scoffed at the speaker and said: "Truly, she is a thief and brazen in her iniquity, that she should steal that which belongs to another and refuse to give it up."

The first woman reached out her hand to take the purse, but once more the second woman held it back, saying:

"If, as you claim, and as these people all agree, the purse belongs to you still, let me take from it once for all the treasure that I have put into it, for that surely is mine."

But the people were indignant, for they loved justice, and they shouted that the purse and all that it contained

belonged to her who had first found it and had thrown it away empty.

"Besides," said some of the wiser

ones, "would you have us believe that one so poor as to pick up a discarded thing from the dust could have

placed all this treasure in it?"

And the second woman knew not

how to answer, for she herself had

marvelled that the purse contained

more than she had put into it, and she knew that the people could not

be convinced that this wonder had

been wrought by patience and love.

So, very reluctantly, she yielded the purse, with all that it contained, into the hands of her who had first found it.

But, lo, as the latter seized it, and

while all were gazing, it became empty

of treasure and torn and tarnished and battered, even as it was when she had

tramped upon it. The first woman

The Claimants of the Purse.

Gregory Bridgum in Munsey's.

A WOMAN, walking along a road, found a new purse, filled with coins of gold and silver. She was delighted with the sheen of its silken web and with the luster of the golden clasps, but still more with the wealth which it contained, and which she felt was all her own. Freely she spent its contents, and only occasionally did she put back into the purse a penny or a silver piece. After a time the purse was nearly emptied, and in thrusting her fingers deep into the ends to reach the few coins that remained, she would tear the silk. One day she found that she had spent the last coin, and as she held the purse in her dainty hand, she saw that it was ragged and shabby and that the clasps were bent and tarnished. So she flung it into the dust before her and crushed it with her foot as she stepped hurriedly onward.

Another woman, walking in the same road, saw the purse. "Dusty and worn and misshapen as it was, an unaccountable fancy led her to pick it up, and, in her imagination, she could see how precious and beautiful it must have been before it had been worn out and thrown away. So she took the purse home with her, and worked patiently upon it, straightening and burnishing the bent clasps and darning the rents in the silken web, matching the pattern so nicely that when she had finished one could scarcely see where it had been mended.

"It's as good as new," she said to herself; but still, she did not show it to her friends nor boast of it—as the first woman had done, when it was new—for fear some one might ask where the purse had been found or sneer at her for treasuring what had been cast into the dust of the highway.

But still the second woman would not yield without another plea for the possession of that which had become a blessing to her life:

"I grant that the purse once belonged to you, but you used it, spent all that was in it, and, when it was torn and tarnished and empty, you became tired of it and threw it away and trod it under foot as you went forward. If I had not seen it the first wheel that passed would have ground it into the dust, and it would have been utterly worthless. Is it not rightly mine since I have saved it from destruction and made it what it now is?"

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EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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THIS city has sometimes squirmed under the appellation "Toronto the Good" because it was more often than not applied in derision, and even when Toronto was seriously spoken of as The Good it generally happened that the one who so characterized it found some prejudice of his own favored here. Toronto is not nearly so good as the number of church spires would indicate, because a church may pierce the clouds with its spire and be mortgaged for all it is worth, and many people may even help to pay for a church, yet never really worship in it. Aside altogether from the pretentious claims that Toronto may have put up in the past, however, the people of this city

are on the whole a clean minded community, as Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., has found out. Mr. Ziegfeld, Jr., is the manager who "presents" The Turtle farce comedy in this and other cities with a company that appears to have been very hastily called together for this purpose. The Turtle played at the Grand Opera House during the first half of the present week and was greeted by very poor houses. •

Such a production as this coming to Toronto once in five years will serve to keep alive forever that prejudice against the stage of which we complain at times—as when Willard is here, or Irving, or Mrs. Fiske, or Marlowe, or any one of twenty other stars who present wholesome plays. There are clergymen in this city who say that the stage is immoral, that it depraves and debauches; and I am forced to admit that for three nights of this week the stage of the Grand was devoted to a production that has nothing but immorality to recommend it, and that its whole tendency was to deprave and debauch. The debasing scene in the second act, of which people speak, was not so very terrible, but the material of the whole production was absolutely indecent and unfit to be seen and heard. The debasing scene was not



as flagrantly improper as those who remained away feared—nor as those who came, hoped. It was not evil in itself; if such a scene were required in a purposeful drama, it could be enacted without offence. The apologist for such plays as The Turtle says, "Evil be to him who evil thinks," but in this case nothing but evil could be thought by the spectators, since every word and action on the stage was meant to cause people to think of evil and the whole play existed for no other purpose.

The daily newspapers in condemning the play after the first performance might well have dwelt more forcibly upon the fact that even the viciousness, which constituted the only recommendation of the production, was badly done. The farce-comedy, aside from all moral considerations, is a lame, weak thing, unable to stand alone. The company playing the

piece is a No. 2, or worse, and gave the thing, poor as it is, a weak presentation. This appeal to the prurient-minded was a failure in Toronto, but it drew more money than it was entitled to draw.

The consequence of this production at the Grand Opera House will be that for the balance of the season the heads of theater-going families will deem it necessary to send a scout to the theater ahead of the family whenever any new piece is announced, to see whether it is such an entertainment as one can safely attend in company with his wife and daughters. There can be no doubt that this feeling will be general and justifiable. Those of us who have found occasion for alarm in the Theatrical Trust are being justified by developments. This dominant force in the drama of this continent cares little for art and morals.

Don't you feel that you have been fooled cheaply when you get out into the fresh air after witnessing a play in which suffering has figured more prominently than human nature? I mean a melodrama wherein, if the hero is not harrowed up with grief caused by uncertainty of the heroine's affections or his own undeserved hard luck, the heroine is sure to be bullied by an intriguing old adventress, or is the object of the villain's odious affections. Oh, I know how it is. You sob convulsively if you are a girl or say bad words if you are a man. You begin to consider the world from a new point of view—it is a "dizgustin', dreary dezit" now and you decide that if Ettie or Dick flirts with somebody else at the dance to-night you will go off to Paris or pine away without a murmur. Your heart is apt to beat suffocatingly while the villain outlines his scheme to his confederate, the hero listening from behind a screen all the time, and you forget to ascertain the whereabouts of your rubbers (having noticed that the man next you looks like the villain) in your eagerness to see the hero confront the wicked plotter. When the curtain has gone down on the last scene (hero and heroine bowing graciously) you find that your cheeks are burning, your heart aches, your hands are cold and you don't want any supper. You only want an ice cream soda or a cigar.

No wonder the Pilgrim Fathers objected to the theater. Perhaps if they had seen Alabama at the Princess this week they would not have been so particular. Such gentlemanly, chivalrous characters as Col. Moberly and Squire Tucker might have turned the Pilgrim Father's heads—well, we don't care what the Pilgrim Fathers said, anyway. The play is about some property owned by a widow down in sleepy Alabama. A railroad is being built in the vicinity, which increases the value of this land to the extent that the widow's brother-in-law, in order to get hold of it, denies that the owner was married to his brother. As all the witnesses are supposed to be dead, till the last act, it remains for her friends to avenge the insult offered her. The enmity of the South for the North after the Civil War is made a cause for some complications which prevent the course of peace and affection for a while, but in the end nearly everybody gets engaged to be married and they all live happy ever after. The parts had been well allotted and the piece was prettily staged.

Roland Reed, a comedian well liked in Toronto, will come to the Grand Opera House the last three nights of next week, presenting a new play, His Father's Boy, by Sydney Rosenfeld, in which he plays an eccentric role. Miss Isadore Rush is again his leading lady.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week Mr. David Belasco's romantic drama, The Heart of Maryland, will make its first appearance in Toronto at the Grand Opera House. This play has been highly praised in New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Philadelphia, and at the Adelphi Theater, London.

The Beauty of Love.

A Tribute from Mr. Dooley's Book.

THIS home infloence is felt in ivy walk iv life. Whin Corbett was poundin' th' first jintleman iv th' land like a man shinglin' a roof, th' first lady iv th' land stood in th' corner, cheerin' on th' bruised an' bleedin' hero. 'Darlin', she says, 'think iv ye're home, me love. Think,' she says, 'iv our little child larin' his daddy-chim in R-bway, New Jersey,' she says. 'Think iv th' love I bear ye,' she says, 'an' paste him,' she says, 'in th' slats. Don't hit him on th' jaw,' she says. 'He's well thred there. But tick ye're lovin' hooks into his diseased an' aching ribs,' she says. 'Ah, love!' she says, 'recall them happy golden days iv our coortship, whin we walkt' th' counthry lane in th' light iv th' moon,' she says, 'an' huryer maulees into his hoofs,' she says. 'Hit him on th' slats!' An' Fitz looked off his shoulder an' seen her face, an' strange feelin' iv tenderness come over him; an' thinks he to himself, 'What is so good as th' love iv pure woman? If I don't nail this large man, shell' probly kick me in th' head.' An' with this sacred sentiment in his head he wint over an' jolted Corbett wan over th' lathe that retured him to th' home fr' decayin' actors. 'Twas woman's love that done it, Hinniss. I'll make a bet with ye that, if the first lady iv th' land had been in th' ring instead iv th' first jintleman, Corbett wuddn't have been wan r-round. I'd like to have such a wife as that. I'd do the cookin', an'

The following story is told of Isaac Parker, famous as the terrible judge at Fort Smith, Ark., who probably sentenced more men to be executed than any other judge that ever lived. This was not, however, because he was so unrelentingly severe, but because he had the hardest and most numerous lot of criminals to deal with that ever came within the jurisdiction of such an official. One day when there was an unusually large batch of culprits to be sentenced the Judge looked compassionately over his spectacles at one young scamp and said: "In consideration of the youth and inexperience of this prisoner I shall let him off with a fine of \$50." Before the Judge had done speaking the very fresh young man coolly stretched his right leg and ran his hand int' his trousers pocket on the side, remarking nonchalantly as he did so: "That's all hunky, Judge; I've got that much right here in my jeans." "And one year in the penitentiary," continued the Judge. Then, looking over at the convict in a quizzical sort of way, he added: "Do you happen to have that in your jeans?"



"Wot's the matter with Jimmie?"
"Aw, he's goin' round with a bicycle face on, to make folks think he's got a wheel."—Scribner's.



FANNY RICE
The bright comedy actress who appears at the Toronto Opera House next week.

be put on exhibition were egregiously mistaken. Never was a title, suggestive of all sorts of indecencies, more misleading." The critic goes on to say that the play points an excellent moral. Miss Rice, although well known and popular throughout the United States, is a total stranger to local playgoers. She will be at the Toronto Opera House throughout next week.

lave th' fightin' to her. There ought to be more like her. Th' trouble with th' race we're bringin' up is that th' fair sect, as Shakespeare call them, lacks interest in their jooty to their husbands."

How Lonely We Are.

From Thackeray's Pendennis.

HOW lonely we are in the world! how selfish and secret, everybody! You and your wife have pressed the same pillow for forty years and fancy yourselves united. Psha, does she cry out when you have the gout, or do you cry awake when she has the tooth-ache? Your airtie's daughter, seeminly all innocent and devoted to her mamma and her piano lesson, is thinkin' of neither, but of the young Lieutenant with whom she danced at the last ball—the honest, frank boy just returned from school is secretly speculating upon the money you will give him, and the debts he owes the tart-mart. The old grandmother crooning in the corner and bound to another world in a few months, has some business or cares which are quite private and her own—very likely she is thinkin' of fifty years back, and that night when she made such an impression, and danced a cotillion with the Captain before your father proposed for her; or, what a silly little over-rated creature your wife is, and how absurdly you are infatuated about her—and, as for your wife—O, philosophic reader, answer and say, Do you tell her all? Ah, sir—a distinct universe walks about under your hat and under mine—all things in nature are different to each—the woman we look at has not the same taste to the one and the other—you and I are but a pair of infinite isolations, with some fellow-islands a little more or less near to us.

He Spoke Too Soon.

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XII.

THE CLUBMAN.

IN a city rather overstocked with clubs the clubman is a frequently appearing figure in society. There are clubs and clubs, and according to the bent of his inclinations, according to his political convictions, or merely by his propinquity does the clubman select his club. If he is a young man he does not join an old-fashioned club where the waiters are sedate and patronizing and the game is whist. If he be a Scottish Presbyterian, a dyed-in-the-wool Grit, he selects a club where the whiskey is irreproachable and curling is a game in esteem. Fancy wines and French kickshaws in the *entree* line don't hold his affections as do old Scotch and the honest dishes of the Land of Heather. He is generally a solid man, well fixed, fond of a story of some width, and genially happy to open a game or finish a horn in the company of his mates. He goes to church, and is apt to be an official with a business eye to the proper disposal of the funds and the credit of his kirk socially and financially. He is generally an honest, reliable man, and his influence in society is wholesome and desirable, for he is never a snob.

His antitype is the young man of great social ambitions and pretensions and very little means or character. This clubman selects a sporty institution for his patronage, and has been known to be five years in arrears with his dues. He talks a good deal about his smart relatives and is happy for a decade if chance drops a man of title in his way, that he may put him up at the club to which he is so purely ornamental. Older members tire of the ambitious young man, but he has always his compeers, for he is by no means rare in society, where a man may exist for many moons without visible means of support and run not the slightest risk of being committed for vagrancy. He plays a rattling game, which is not whilst, and turns many a dollar in the playing. He has no sense of the flight of time after eleven o'clock at night, and rarely confesses to a desire to turn in. He sometimes marries, fathers a numerous family, which his wife's dowry or people support, while he is still the clubman, older, more questionable, wrinkled and sharp-tongued, or he turns over a new leaf, makes of his life some semblance of manhood, changes his club membership or gives up clubs altogether.

No sensible woman quarrels with her bu-baner over his club. He may not particularly care for it, but as soon as madam abuses it he champions it with ardor. Men do not quarrel in clubs. The others won't have it. If there is an out-and-out row one member must resign. That has been done again and again, and generally the man least worthy stays in. In political clubs all coons are supposed to think alike on burning topics. That is the *raison d'être* of that sort of club, that men may assemble to strengthen and encourage each other in divers species of bigotry. A single man who lives at a comfortable club is one of society's free lances. It is hard to put him in double harness. When the question of matrimony is introduced to his inner consideration his first thought is that it stands between him and his club. Why women should harbor in their gentle breasts an undying dislike to and suspicion of The Club is one of the many mysteries that puzzle man in his study of femininity. He knows its security, its masculinity, its decent rules and regulations, its peace and comfort, its reserve and restfulness, and the more he tells her of it all the less she is likely to believe. This is an almost universal trait in women.

The clubman is popularly supposed to be a gossip. The supposition is as true as that every woman's sewing circle occupies its spare moments in reading the reputations of non-members or absentes. No woman would dare it, and though men have the greater courage, their valor doesn't run to scandal. There are men as well as women who love the innuendo, the slighting story, the open shame of their fellows, but not more than a fair percentage of them belong to clubs or Dorcas societies. They would be scandal-mongers anywhere. True, many a bad and vicious tale is told by some clubmen, but it is heard even more eagerly in the boudoir than it was in the club.

The clubman demands something worth while when he gives up his co-y dinner, his peaceful smoke and his quiet rubber, to trot after his female rulers to the banquet or the dance. He doesn't always get it; consequently he relieves his injured feelings by a jibe, or tries toiven a dull party with a story, and unthinking persons call him bad-tempered or careless of the majority of the ten commandments. When he is on his native haunts, and the banquet is fractionally his own, the club echoes with laughter at the story and groans assent to the jibe against outer tyrannies.

A confirmed clubman accumulates a medley of fixed notions, small wants, strange prejudices and sharp comments which mark him in any company. No one can so justly pronounce a verdict upon a new comer, and from no verdict is it so hard to appeal. The veteran clubman is an oracle on form in certain masculine matters. What a man may or may not do is without contravention. Things which to the crude, unwatching, hasty world outside seem of small matter are added to the creed of the clubman and become a portion of himself. If a greenhorn sins in ignoring some small item of the clubman's faith he is figuratively cast into outer darkness. If he won't go, and if many like him are gathered in, the old clubman uses gentle oaths *sotto voce* and goes his way, and the club sees him no more. Perhaps he marries the rich widow and hangs up his hat where his peculiarities will never be questioned. He has been known to

risk a youthful partner, and his disaster has simply depended on his chivalry. The bigger bully has speedily assumed the box seat.

The clubman learns several useful lessons in his club. He learns to let other men alone, and to live alone himself. A fussy, officious clubman, who talks overmuch, and insists upon sociability, is soon given the cold shoulder by a pitiless lot of fellows. He must be very compelling and very important and influential if he escapes the resentment of the whole institution. This decent reserve gives him distinction, repose and dignity in society, and respect is his just due. A young wife exclaimed recently, "Have you not a membership in any club, my dear? How unfortunate! You don't half enjoy life!" Her father and brothers were pronounced clubmen, and it seemed to her quite a catastrophe that her husband had missed this good thing! Many a man of yielding will, poor self-esteem or uncertain character has drawn positive force and inspiration from a membership in a good club, and almost the first terrified thought of the discovered evil-doer is "What will they say at the club?" The final undoing of a bad man in his club's condemnation, though, except in certain sins known to the members as unpardonable, the club lets his life severely alone. Clubs are apparently beneficial and grateful institutions or the membership would never have become such a stepping-stone to the social, financial and political advancement of the clubman.

Ko Ko.

A Poor Unfortunate.

Atlanta Constitution.

His hoss went dead an' his mule went lame; He lost six cows in a poker game; A hurricane came on a summer's day; Then a earthquake come when that was gone, An' swallowed the land that the house stood on!

An' the tax collector, he come 'roun' An' charged him up for the hole in the groun'; An' the city marshal—he came in view, An' said he wanted his street tax, too! Did he moan an' sigh? Did he set an' cry An' curse the hurricane sweepin' by? Did he grieve that his old friends failed to call When the earthquake come an' swallowed all? Never a word of blame he said, With all them troubles on top his head! Not him! . . . He climbed to the top of the hill—

Whar standin' room wuz left him still, An', barin' his head, here's what he said: "I reckon it's time to git up an' git; But, Lord, I hadn't the measles yit!"

FRANK L. STANTON.

General Miles and the Recruit.

GENERAL MILES is, it is said, a hard man to approach, and his official position as the head of the United States army naturally commands respect from those who come in contact with him.

A day after the general landed in Porto Rico one of his orderlies was taken sick with fever and had to go to the hospital. A new man was called for and a private from a Western regiment was detailed to take the place. The recruit who showed up at headquarters came from somewhere up on the Great Lakes, and belonged to one of the Wisconsin volunteer regiments. Anyhow, to state it mildly, he was the greenest and most self-important recruit in the army. Along with his early schooling he must have read the clause in the Declaration of Independence that runs to the effect that all men are free and equal, and he bore himself accordingly.

The morning after he was detailed General Miles was holding a consultation at headquarters with some of the big officers of his command. The general called for an orderly to run an important errand, and the gentleman from Wisconsin sauntered in, made a pass at his hat with his left hand for a salute and ejaculated:

"Well, Miles, what is it?" If the Spaniards had dropped a shell in their midat it would have hardly surprised them more. At first General Miles' face grew black as thunder, and then his scowl changed into a quizzical smile.

"Don't call me Miles. Call me Nelse. Miles is so formal, you know."

The gentleman from Wisconsin had meanwhile realized from the expressions on the face what he had done, and with General Miles' answer became the most confused man imaginable. Some one else ran his errand, a regular possibly, and the hero of this story was never seen at headquarters again.

Kinsmen Strong.

Dr. C. G. D. Roberts' view of the mission of Anglo Saxons has much in common with Mr. Kipling's gospel as set forth in *The White Man's Burden*; for his poem, *K*



J. F. Kirkland.

A. Oakley.

J. Simpson.

After the Battle.



A Half-Hour's Catch.



The Old Dufferin Coach.

At the door of Seventy Mile House, Cariboo Road, B.C.

Sport on the Cariboo Road.

AWAY up in the hills of British Columbia there are mines where small groups of men, employing the powerful devices of science, work tremendous havoc upon the rocks, extracting gold and other minerals. Gold, however, is the chief mineral sought and the chief reward secured. Individual miners still work in small bands and use crude methods, but a great change has come over mining operations since the advent of Companies, backed by capital and expensive modern appliances. Where the individual miner diverts a small flow of water through a wooden trough, the company uses hydraulic giants which hurl a stream of water that would tear down a brick house. In this way a small group of miners can force operations along a tremendous rate.

These companies have not only changed the work of mining but have made mining life tolerably comfortable, and the men who actually work no longer encounter the hardships that were once inseparable from mining in regions remote from civilization. Excellent sleeping quarters are provided; there is food in plenty, cooked well as a rule and served in a pleasant dining-room equipped with necessary tableware. As managers, superintendents, engineers, clerks, bullion guards, etc., are young men who a year or two ago moved in the hum-drum life of the East and had no thought of ever engaging in mining in remote crevices of the hills of British Columbia.

It is impossible to so isolate a young man from Ontario, to so depress him with overhanging mountains, or so to pen him in with chasms and precipices or new and strange business duties, that he will not find time and materials for a little fun. I have just heard the story of a young man from Toronto who spent last season in the office of a gold mining company high up on the Cariboo Road, and gazing daily far below him to Quesnel Forks conceived the idea that the winding trail down would make an excellent bit of coasting on a bicycle. On enquiry he learned of the existence of a wheel-kept as a relic, not for use—and managed one day to borrow it. He coasted down to Quesnel Forks, a distance of five miles, having to touch his pedals only twice on the run. To get back was the difficulty that now confronted him. To ride the wheel back was impossible; to shove it up that long twisting incline meant a deal of hard labor. While in this perplexity he saw a doctor on horseback starting up the road, and called to him. They discussed the difficulty and in the end the doctor offered to tow the wheelman up the hill—which any medical practitioner in the East would have considered fatal to his dignity. Tying rope securely around his saddle the doctor threw the other end to the wheelman, who wound the end around the head of his wheel and mounted. Thus the horse towed the wheel for five miles up the mountain road; the wheelman holding the rope in place, and not tying it, so that he would be free to let it slip should the horse make a plunge in a dangerous place. The journey was made without the slightest mishap.

The three interesting photographs which are here made use of were kindly loaned us by Mr. A. Oakley, accountant of the Consolidated Cariboo Hydraulic Mine, near Quesnel Forks, B.C., of which Mr. J. B. Hobson, also of Toronto, is manager. Mr. Oakley is well known in Toronto. Being an enthusiastic amateur photographer he gets some fine views in the mountains.

The Old Dufferin Coach, as shown in the picture, is standing at the door of Seventy-Mile House on the Cariboo Road, and is just about to resume its journey. By the door of the coach, and just about to enter it, is the guard armed with a rifle, for the coach, in this instance, carries some precious metal from the mines. This is the coach that was specially made to carry Lord and Lady Dufferin over the old Cariboo Road during their tour of British Columbia, when Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada. It is rather antiquated and worn, but is still used on very special occasions to carry distinguished passengers over the stage course from Ashcroft to One Hundred and Fifty Mile House. The old residents hold it in regard and veneration because of faded grandeur and historic associations.

"After the Battle" shows what happened to a bear that Messrs. Oakley, Kirkland and Simpson went after. J. F. Kirkland is another Torontonian, now stenographer at the Cariboo mine, and formerly with the North American Life Company in Toronto. The weapon he holds is one of the rifles used by the bullion guards—it is an old army rifle with part of the barrel cut off, so that its contents will scatter. Charged with buckshot it is a formidable weapon, as the cunningly devised papers and deeds which

although for bear hunting the other two are better armed.

The other picture represents a salmon catch made by Mr. Kirkland in half an hour of actual fishing. He assures us personally that there is no trick in the photograph and no mistake in the time, but that the man who loves fishing might well walk to British Columbia for the sport that there abounds.

Shadows.

Shadows o'er life's long day;
Darker, and darker still;
From the morn, with its childhood's carelessness,
To the night so dark and chill.

Shadows in boyhood's hour,
When life is fair and free,
Like the shade and the gloom of an April
As it sweeps o'er the fresh green tree.

Shadows o'er youth's bright life,
False loves and vain desire;
And the foolish hopes, and the empty strife,
When the soul could still aspire.

Shadows o'er manhood's prime—
Craft and ambition's art,
And the faithless so, and the wa-ted time,
And the chilled and hardened heart.

Shadows of dreary age—
The dulled and failing mind,
When love lies dead, and life's last page
Is blotted and undefined.

Shadows of awful death,
Gloomy and dark and drear,
With a hope for some at their latest breath,
And for some a doubt and a fear.
Picton, March, '99. REGINALD GOURLAY.

The World Recedes.

"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." —Tennyson "In Memoriam."

"Not always!" commentator.

THERE was something beautiful and touching even in the decay of the old Canadian mansion.

Standing almost on the verge of a beautiful wooded ridge, it overlooked the busy third-rate manufacturing city in the valley below, which it had seen grow from the usual cluster of huts around a blacksmith's shop and a country tavern to its present condition of ugly and vulgar pro-portionality.

Henry was her daughter's husband, a shallow, selfish, facing-both-ways politician, a protege and favorite of that ominous "machine" which in the cities is beginning to be the bane and curse of good government both in Canada and in the United States.

Henry had ordered his wife, whose slavish subservience to him was the one piece of color and motive of her stunted, aimless life, "to push the old woman for all she was worth," and this filial and loving message was the consequence.

Not having a cent of his own, and the elections being at hand, Henry was naturally desirous to realize on his wife's property. Political principles, as too often practiced in America, permit one readily to ignore past benefits, and even if necessary, to destroy the benefactor. When a rival politician had compared him the night before to a cannibal "because he lived on his wife and mother-in-law," he had merely smiled his habitual somewhat only smile. These little unpleasant taunts were merely unavoidable disagreements in the path of a "canny Scot" who was getting on in the world.

Meanwhile the poor old lady, with her dazed, helpless look, crept slowly along. Since she had got the letter she had made a pathetic attempt to soften her daughter. She had gone to the big, ostentatious, untidy house where she dwelt, and announced her willingness to submit. But surely she might have a little, she pleaded. It was not for long! and would not her daughter come over to the old home to-night—it was not far—and talk with her old mother kindly as she used to do before she married? To day was her birthday. Had she forgotten? Let her come this evening, and she would do what she could—would give up what she could, only let them be better friends! And now she was waiting till her daughter came.

There was a step behind her on the mossy walk. Her old servant came up, holding out a letter.

"Mrs. Deadsole's man-servant left this letter for you, ma'am, as he passed, driving up from town," she said. She gave

the letter and turned back to the house. Her mistress opened it and read. Her daughter had written this:

"DEAR MOTHER—I did mean to come over to-night, but Henry has brought a lot of men up from town. Influential men, he says, who will be of great use to him in the election. So, of course, I can't come. Besides, talking over matters of business together is no good. The houses and stock were settled on me when I married, and I've been out of them long enough. I can't afford to be soft like John. Henry says if the transfers are not made in three days he will put the matter in the hands of his lawyers."

"Your affectionate daughter,
"EDITH DEADSOLE."

As the poor old lady went slowly back to her desolate home, she wept the difficult, agonizing tears of helpless and hopeless old age. REGINALD GOURLAY.

of Mrs. Whitten's *soiree*, and hardly anybody went near me the whole evening. People don't know a clever person when they see one, so they take other people's word for it and a poor stupid little wretch like I was suffers the penalty of wit and superiority. If my back-ache would only show in my eyes! I feel as though I didn't look respectable or well-dressed when nobody pays any attention to me. I really don't want to be selfish and make some tired-out man stand suspended from a strap, but—there is the Sporty Man and the Man of the World down there. I know why they won't budge. They were in the same car yesterday as I was, and a poor hayseed-looking woman carrying a Gladstone bag edged her way in, looking about weakly for a seat, but seeing none vacant she resigned herself to a strap, having evidently experienced very little chivalrous treatment as far as she had gone. I was cross with the half-dozen men who looked stolidly at their papers, until some well-gowned woman came in—they would all be gallant, I knew. I got up and gave the stupid-looking old tramp my seat, and when I looked around there were three or four vacancies to choose from. I couldn't help grinning cynically, and made enemies, no doubt. Men hate to have their self-esteem tampered with by a girl. It was fun though. I know what the anarchistic Look-out or I'll-Hurt-You Young Man is thinking about now. I saw him eying me a minute ago. This is it: "Those darned girls—they are so conceited. Now, for instance, that cross-eyed little minx with the long eyelashes and velvet hat, she got on this car with an idea that she was irresistible, no doubt. I am glad she is undergoing a little healthy disillusionizing. It won't hurt her to stand: she looks as healthy as anyone else in the car. Oh, a trolley is a great place to find one's level, you bet. I hope I'm not late for supper. I'll really have to call Mrs. Hicks down if the viands are cold. Och, I hate cold meat. What confounded weather this is, anyway. Canada is a perfect hole to live in. I'll be dead glad to get away!" He looks as though he was thinking that way mostly all the time. Thank goodness the crowd is getting thinned out, and I can sit down and not even have to think of anything to keep me from crying. J.

"I thought," he replied, "that you had seen in the city from which we have just come your master or some one else take his meal; that is why I have not told you the manner in which we nourish ourselves here. Since you are still ignorant of it, know then, that here we live on nothing but vapor. The art of cooking is to inclose, in vessels made expressly for the purpose, the steam which rises from meat on cooking it; and when different kinds have been collected and of different flavors, according to the appetite of those who are to be served, the vessel in which this odor is collected is opened, others are uncovered, one after the other, and so on until the appetite of the company is appeased. Unless you have already lived in this way, you would never believe that the nose, without the assistance of teeth and other organs, performs, to nourish man, the office of the mouth; but I want you to see by experience."

He had no sooner finished than I perceived entering the room, one after another, so many agreeable odors, and so nourishing that in less than half an hour I felt entirely satisfied.

When we had risen, "This is not," said he, "a matter that should cause much astonishment, for you cannot have lived so long without having observed that in your world cooks, butchers and groceries, who eat less than persons of another calling, are, nevertheless, much flesher. From what, in your opinion, proceeds their fulness if it is not from the vapors with which they are constantly surrounded, and which enter their body and nourish them? So persons in this world enjoy a less interrupted and more vigorous state of health, because their nourishment engenders hardly any disorders, which are the origin of almost all diseases. You were, perhaps, surprised, when before the meal you were undressed, because that custom is not in vogue in your country; but it is the custom in this, in order that our bodies might be more susceptible to the vapors."

"Sir," I replied, "what you say is very probable, and I have just experienced it somewhat; but I shall confess to you that not being able to spiritualize myself so quickly I would be very glad to feel something palpable between my teeth."

He promised that I should be served as I wished the next day. "For," said he, "to eat so soon after a meal would result in indigestion." We argued a little while longer and then we went upstairs to bed.

A man at the head of the stair-case came to meet us, and having looked at us attentively led me into a chamber, the floor of which was covered with orange blossoms to the height of three feet; seeing that I appeared astonished at such magnificence, he told that such beds were quite customary in that country. At last we went to bed, each of us in a separate apartment, and as soon as I was stretched on the flowers I perceived, by the light of about thirty immense fire-flies enclosed in a glass jar, (for there they don't use candles), the youths who had undressed me at supper-time, one of whom began to rub my feet, another my back, another my arms, and all so soothingly and delicately that in less than a moment I felt myself dozing.

The next morning I saw my guide enter as soon as the sun had risen.

"I want to keep my word with you," said he; "you will dine to-day more substantially than you did yesterday."

At these words I rose and he led me by the hand behind the garden of the house, where one of the children of my host was waiting for us with a gun, in which appearance was almost like our muskets. He asked my guide if I wanted a dozen larks, and hardly had the hunter discharged his gun when twenty or thirty larks fell ready roasted at our feet.

"You can commence to eat," said my guide. He explained how they had the art of mixing with their powder and lead a certain composition which kills plucks, roasts and seasons the game.

After dinner we prepared to take our departure; and with a thousand smiles and bows, my host received from my guide a slip of paper. I asked him if it were a note for the amount of our bill. He answered "No!" That he owed him nothing and that they were verses.

"What, verses?" I replied. "Can it be that hotelkeepers here are connoisseurs of poetry?"

"That is the money of the country," said he, "and the expenses we have just made here have amounted to a stanza of six lines which I have just given him. I had no fear of running short of funds, for even if we should banquet here for a week, we could not spend a sonnet, and I have four of them about me, with two epigrams, two odes and an elegy."

"Would to God," said I, "that it were the same in our world! I know many honest poets there who are dying of hunger and who would live royally if inn-keepers were paid in that money."



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Anecdotal.

Daniel Webster said the most inspiring words ever spoken to him were said by a farmer after his greatest speech:—"You never did your best yet."

One of Lord Salisbury's pet anecdotes is the story of a barber whom he once patronized. This tonsorial artist did not fail to recognize his patron for the latter, on passing the shop a few days later, was gratified to observe a placard in the window bearing this inscription:—"Hair cut, 3d. With the same scissors as I cut Lord Salisbury's hair, 6d."

Many stories are told of a former Canadian bishop who had passed his youth in Scotland, but flattered himself that not a hint of his origin could be gained from his speech or manner. One day he met a Scotchman to whom he said at last abruptly, "Hoo lang hae ye been here?" "Aboot sax years," was the reply. "Hoot, mon!" said the bishop sharply. "Why hae ye na lost your accent, like myself?"

The late Rev. John Hall told a story of a visit he made to a humble parishioner to comfort him some little under heavy trouble which had befallen. The preacher found the homely old man in his desolate cottage, alone. He said many things, and added that we must try to take all affliction humbly, as appointed to us by Providence. "Yes," said the good old man, who was imperfectly instructed in the theology, "that's right enough that is; but, somehow that there Old Providence have bin again me all along, but I reckon as there's One Above ast'll put a stopper on he if he go too fur."

The lesson was from the Prodigal Son, and the Sunday school teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. "But amidst all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now can any of you tell me who this was?" There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus: "Please, sir, it was the fatted calf!"

Many droll stories are told of the Oriental's ideas of warfare. Chinese cavalrymen came riding to the charge with fans and perfume bottles, while a servant brought up the rear with a Winchester rifle. In "Korean Sketches" Mr. Gale tells a characteristic anecdote. Most of those who after the battle came to the dispensary in Mukden for treatment were wounded in the back. "How is it that sons of the gods are wounded in their after-parts only?" asked the foreigner. "It looks as if they had run from the barbarians." "We advanced all right,"

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said the Chinaman, "according to military methods. Then we put on fierce faces, like Che-kai-yang, the god of war, certain that the Wo-jen would run, as they would have done if they had not been hopeless savages, unacquainted with Chinese characters. We rushed on them, breathing forth fire, but they moved not. Then our general shouted 'Victory,' for we had paralyzed them with our boldness. But suddenly a long row of guns was raised like one arm, and, immortal gods, such a dastardly way to fight I never saw! I know not why we were wounded in the back."

Telephone Talk.

A Dream that often Comes True.

EVERY new invention brings additional comfort and additional penalties. The telephone has opened up a whole new book of human nature.

You have only to remark the way a man uses his telephone to find out about half the mysteries of his being. There are men who use it so often that they cease to treat it as if it were a malicious sentient thing. That sort of man speaks into it in an even tone, the tone he uses in dictating to his typewriter. But the general run of man has his soul in arms at the smallest provocation on the part of the invention. The regulation prohibiting the use of bad language through the telephone makes me laugh every time I see it. The telephone has been the provocative of more stifled swears and more outspoken profanity than any other invention, not excepting even the collar button. The telephone is approached in a confident manner by some busy and driven man. "Hello," he pause, "Hello, Central;" another pause. "Say, what's the matter with you?" Gimme 0008. Hello, 0008. Hell, oh! Hell!" when jubilantly sing the dulcet tones of Central: "Line's in use," leaving that man swearing in spite of himself! Another man goes to the box. He affects a blase air. "Give me 0008," he says confidently, with a little upward inflection. A long, long wait. Then he sighs, and rings a second time. "Can't you give me 0008?" he asks in an expostulatory voice. "Just try and get together, will you?"—0008. Then he waits once more. "Is that 0008? Oh, ring off, please, I say. Central, I asked for 0008. No, you gave me 0008. Three naughts, please? Hello, is that 0008? 3.0? Great Mosse! Hello, Central!" Anyone who wants to have a bit of fun out of poor, erring human nature had better sit at it just now, with a telephone just outside the door, while the busy man, and the blouse man, and the irascible man, and the man who hollers at it as if it was a runaway, and the man who murmurs confidentially, and says please and thank you, take their medicine and please and thank you, take their medicine!

There is a telephone question which always riles me. I am just as mad at it to day as I was ten years ago. I never thought it was funny, even in the first days, any more than I was amused at the trick of being blindfolded from behind and asked to guess who had fingers on my eyelids. "Do you know who is speaking?" The only way you can get even is to profess surety, and promptly name the meanest person you know. In connection with this I have wondered how seldom one recognizes voices over the 'phone, and how sure one is of certain tones. Perhaps one does not notice voices any more than eyes. Did you ever try to tell the color of an absent intimate's orbs? You will be wrong nine times out of ten.

A few telephone rules would be useful to the average man and woman. Don't shout, don't swear, don't talk all day; there are others. Sometimes one has a caller who doesn't know when to go; that isn't a circumstance to the talker over the telephone who doesn't know when to stop. Your arm aches, and your side aches, and your temper aches, and pauses ensue, and the whole thing gets on your nerves, and at last the other talker says: "Well, good-bye," and how promptly you respond. It's quite a confession. Don't be too business-like, even if you are in a hurry. Remember the amenities and be courteous. The voice some women and men use over the telephone might be appropriate to a car conductor or a truck-driver. One trembles to tackle them with the pleasantest news. Lastly, don't forget that whatever you say goes along the wire to the other end. Some wonderful remarks to present company have been accidentally transmitted with decidedly unhappy results. For instance: "So sorry. (It's old Miss Geapseed. She's not coming. Now we can ask someone we like.) Yes, I said I was so sorry you could not come, dear!" "Can you dine with us to-morrow at seven? (Oh, that's all right. Mamie may not have it, and if she has, the placard won't be on by then, John!) "Your baby has scarlet fever? Oh, my dear, how awful. Of course you can't come!"

The Ancient was grubbing about. From afar I heard the telephone call, and rushed with the anxious haste of this electric age to answer. "Been ringing for two weeks," called the mendacious young person at the north end. I asked the Ancient if he had remarked it. "Oh, yes; I heard 'em," said he indifferently; "and I just let 'em ring. I have no use for them telephones." And I gazed upon the Ancient with respect, for 'tis a rare sight, the human being who can let 'em ring and have no use for 'em.

A Slight Mistake.



"Have you seen the new murillo the city has purchased?"
"No, I have had a sewing woman in the town, and I
haven't been to the zoological gardens for two weeks."
—*Fliegende Blaester.*

There are still persons of high degree who will not have a telephone in their houses, as there are still others who have never used a postal card, and one at least who never reads postals, even tho' addressed to him! If you send one to him you'll never get an answer, that is, from him. I am told that his wife goes carefully through the waste paper basket every night, and picks out the rent missives and sees what is on them, and sometimes ventures to respond, if the matter be of much importance. The strength of prejudice is so often mistaken for a better thing!

A dream came to me in the night. I thought I saw a round table at which sat a number of wise men. Some of them were so overpowered by the weight of their knowledge that they slept. Through the door of the room came a small and lovely child, who paused, smiling brightly, and evidently expecting a welcome. Several turned and looked at him, some thoughtfully, some scornfully, some scowling, and the child paused again as he advanced, glancing eagerly from face to face. Some he spoke to, but they shook their heads; some he touched, but they snored on. Round he went, his beauty lighting the dull place, until he had made the circuit of the table. Then he asked: "Will none welcome me?" and some of the men arose in wrath, growling at the disturbance, and drove the child from the room. I seemed to see him flitting into the dim night, and to follow him, wondering as I went. Far down the road came a man, walking firm and brisk, who, catching sight of the little child flitting among the shadows, spread out his arms and stood waiting to clasp him. Into those eager arms the child fled, and was gathered close. Then the man's face became bright with a radiance proud and inspiring. He laughed as he kissed the lovely face of the little one, and welcomed him and praised him. "Who is the child?" I asked, as he passed me with buoyant tread. "Mine, mine," said the man; "all mine!" "I," said the child, with a ripple of laughter, "am a New Idea!"

LADY GAY.

Disease of The Spine.

A Malady That Makes Life Almost Unbearable—A Nova Scotia Lady Tells How to Cure It.

Mrs. Frank Minard, of Milton, N.S., is a lady who possesses the confidence of a large circle of friends. Mrs. Minard has been a sufferer from spinal disease and attendant complications, and to a reporter she recently gave the particulars of her cure. She said:—"As a result of the trouble I suffered terribly. At times the pain would be confined to my back, and at other times it seemed to affect every nerve in my body, from the top of my head to my toes. As a result I was reduced greatly in strength, and was unable to stand upon my feet long enough to attend to my household work. When doing any kind of work which required a standing position I had to provide myself with a high chair as a means of support. The medicine which the doctor prescribed for me did not seem to afford me more than temporary relief from the pain, and I was gradually growing weaker and weaker. Finally the doctors suggested that I should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and acting on his advice I began to take them. I had only used a few boxes when the agony I had suffered for months began to abate, and I began to regain my strength. I continued using the pills for a short time longer, and was again in full possession of my health and strength, and able to do my household work. I have never enjoyed better health than I am doing at present."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure because they supply the blood with its life-giving properties and strengthen weak nerves. All diseases due to either of these causes are speedily cured by the use of this medicine. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post-paid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"You Americans," said the Scotchman, "suffer from an itch for notoriety." "An itch for notoriety," responded the American with spirit, "is better than a notoriety for—" But at that point they clinched.—Indianapolis Journal.

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them, but he had the ability to win them, and, above all, the energy to undertake an ambitious career, which has made him president of Cornell University and chairman of the Philippine Commission.

"Papa," said Benny Bloobumper, "why are days of grace allowed on a note?" "To avoid weeks of disgrace," replied Mr. Bloobumper.—Judge.

George—Do you think that your father will consent to our marriage, darling? Ethel—Oh, yes! He has always humored my silliest wishes.—Brooklyn Life.

A German paper contains the following unique advertisement: "Any person who can prove that my tapioca contains anything injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."—Tit-Bits.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Grapographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, &c., or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons or postage.

Plco.—Apart from a good deal of waste effort, this is a fine, dashing, stately, ambitious, and attractive article to the eye; excellent results show through all its disguises; excellent temperament, some ideality, fluent speech and ease of expression, and intuitive rather than logical turn. Writer likes his own belongings and connections, and is affectionate in disposition and honest in purpose.

Vernie Rossland.—A clever, perceptive and rather angular character; impulsive and inclined to look down rather than up; tenacious and virile, but not commanding; a mischievous-looking boy, the term well applied to his physical makeup. You cannot allow matters of sentiment to spoil your dinner. Are somewhat mistrustful of others; have little tact, and are more cynical than sympathetic, or pretend to be. Tones of various sorts are suggested, but not asserted. The scraps are neither good nor bad. How does medium go here?

Peggyto—Do I believe in woman lawyers? Well, Peg, I wanted very badly to be one myself once. But in my younger days the ambition was considered impudent. I was a bad writer and a good har. Are those really the only things needful? How phenomenally easy! Well, your writing isn't bad at all, it's easy to read, and has humor, energy, weight, perception, strong, constant purpose, adaptability, and considerable self-reliance.

C. F. W.—A regular child's hand, glued to lines, and no more characteristic than possible. But there are the corner-stones of a fine character in it; honesty, generosity, and a good temper, and good temper could not pull the faults of youth into the glare of criticism.

Violet Lloyd—Thanks for your kind wishes. Your writing shows much quiet and restrained force of character. You are upright, honest, discreet, and have a decided taste for good writing. Your estimates are practical but not common-place. You have no desire nor aptitude for argument, and are averse to fineness, preferring frank, plain methods and being able to live and let live.

Sr. W.—Neither strange nor startling are your letters, but they are just good, strong, well-knit character, and unlikely to trust any one overmuch, clear and logical in your thoughts, with some facility and a general distaste for frills or emotion of any sort. You can take care of yourself, have excellent free personal energy, like comfort, and will probably manage to have it. You are probably sociable in your tastes and habits, and haven't a stupid streak in you. Palmistry is very interesting if you study it carefully. You have a good book on palmistry and a good manual about it. Rosa Baughan's book on character in handwriting is good. Nelson Thorpe has also written a book on palmistry in Cheiro. It is beautifully illustrated, and is expensive.

Dubious—If you are curious, I am sorry not to be able to gratify you. I agree with you that it is interesting, but cannot enlighten you as to the real name of the writer. If he wanted it known, wouldn't he have signed it?

Un-Handy Andy—You are mistaken; the girls run about even in the studios, though their names, for instance, "Snowball," don't suggest the sternest sex. You are painstaking, deliberate, somewhat discursive, open to influence, fond of beauty, able to judge a bit of art.

You are not callous, rather good-natured, and a sensible and coherent reasoner. The study is rather exasperating to a quick and impatient eye, but slow and sure wins sometimes, my boy.

Maccie—Self-reliance and self-assertion are plain, firm, and tenacious, and tenacity, decision and adaptability, a rather pronounced temper, and a mind quite unfeigned for sustained argument. Writer has courage, honesty, force and generosity; youth is evident.

Mag-Nearagh—Might that be your signature? I have never seen it. You are quite well. When I read it, it seemed plain, but some one must have found it readable, and some one wrote it. No; I don't think it was true, not all of it, anyway. Sometimes the hardest cynicism shrouds a very kindly heart. You are a sensitive, feeling and refined, bright and quick perception, loquacity and impulsive. You are imaginative, hopeful, very decided and hasty. Should be a very charming woman, too, I am thinking; apt to do your own way, too, and a trifler pre-judged.

Topsy—What shall I do with a young man who showers presents on me and never pays me any personal attention? I'm sure I don't know. Little nig! If you can't get him off your back, you'd better leave the gift-bringer to continue his showy progress, and get another young man to do the spoiling. That would be delightful for a maiden of thirty, as you say you are. If your young man is never around when he's wanted, what a chance for another chanceman! The more the merrier. Topsy—at thirty.

Doonee—You can

Studio and Gallery

MONG the first feelings on entering the O. S. A. gallery just now are those of relief and hope. We are relieved to find that our path to its investigation has been made comparatively easy by clearing away many of the obstructions to the discovery of real merit which have always hindered us in most local exhibitions. One of these obstructions has been the presence of the multitudes of canvases, as though excellence demands quantity. Quantity, instead of being helpful, is always a deteriorating quality in an exhibition. We approach with hope that we may really be able, comparatively, to judge, appreciate, and be duly benefited. We note with appreciation the difference between the display and that of the art department of the Industrial Exhibition, under which affliction and infliction a long-suffering public have groaned with patience which is not commendable. We are looking forward to it in the fall with a philosophic, stoical submission to the inevitable. Because there are not worthy works of art there? Not at all. Our grievance is worse than that. They are there, but we cannot see them. What is there is often so belied and slandered by its neighbors that its character suffers immensely. Less pictures and more room, artistic arrangement, intelligent grouping, are some of the things we suggested last year for the Industrial. We were "pooh-poohed" by some accordingly. When you consult an infant for suggestions and remedies, it is almost sure to gaze benevolently at you with wide-opened eyes of heavenly innocence, and at intervals between the sucking of a doubled-up thumb, it will gurgle with delicious cadence "A-goo." The only advance some people ever seem to make on their babyhood is to change the "g" to "p," and this they gurgle consistently at every new remedy which has had the misfortune not to have them for a parent.

A single illustration of crowding: Last year there were at the Fair among other good things two exquisite water-colors by an Italian artist. We venture to think that, owing to their crowded-in position, few were adequately impressed with their excellence, and fewer carried away permanent impressions of them to keep with them as a souvenir of joy. No one who looks long enough to see the two water-colors of Miss Hawley, which the committee had the good judgment to emphasize by isolation, will soon forget them. If an exhibition is for the purpose of concealing the merits of the things revealed, misrepresenting their true character, and convincing the public of their utter want of utility, then we have no objections to raise to the Industrial. Is this the policy adopted towards the rest of the exhibits in the Fair? However, we may be all astray as to the raison d'être of the picture collection at the Fair. We have interpreted it as it is plainly announced, an "Art Department." It has not so been understood by all, manifestly. Some visitors at the last Fair were heard to say, in all good faith, after visiting other departments:—"Come, now, let us go into the paint shop." As a palm shop there is much to be said in its favor. However, we are sufficiently advanced in civilization to have an art department.

We are much impressed with the versatility of the talent of F. S. Challener. Clear, realistic, in 80; tender in feeling and tone, impressionistic in 81; excellent in figure, in play of light, when light was scarce in 18, and capable of meritorious compositions. The correct values, vital essence, and other qualities of Brownell's make them valuable. J. W. Beatty's plums are tempting. We could wish the little Italian had taken seat some place else in the gallery. So near the delightful tone study of E. Wylie Grier, her realistic treatment gives her a feeling of harshness and floridity. We like parts of Miss Haggarty's eminently personal work. We wish, however, her Miss S. had not made a permanent visit to the exhibition. We would excuse Mr. Curry

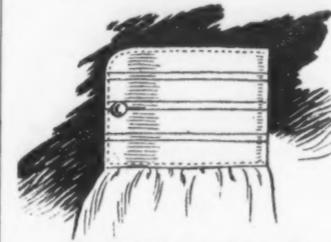
JEAN GRANT.

The Devil's Head.
N a bluff overhanging an inlet of the Lake of the Woods, near Rat Portage, Ontario, is a curiously marked and weathered mass of granite, the ledge resembling a broad, distorted face, with staring eyes and savage, grinning mouth. Some larkish persons have used paint to increase the human suggestion of the thing, and persons of weak nerves suddenly coming upon it for the first time, have been rudely startled, and have been compelled to ask for flasks, says Charles M. Skinner, of Philadelphia, in his book, "Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders." Skull Rock and Devil's Head they call it, the names being used indifferently. It is twenty feet high, and of about the same width. The mouth, strangely, is a cave, which may be entered for ten feet, and leads to a deep throat in the stone behind. Nearly every miner who enters this region to prospect for metal visits this freak, and touches his palm to its forehead for luck; for the first gold-bearing rock discovered by white men in this region was found in the mouth of this great mask. It was said that Indians put it there; but, while the mound-builders knew the value of copper and worked it skilfully at the Lake Superior mines before the era of Columbus, there is nothing to prove that they valued gold until the frauds and ferocity of Europeans showed them how much other men could prize it. One miner travelled fifteen hundred miles to touch this face before he began a search for gold in quite another part of the country. The Indians are indifferent to this phase of the matter. They see in the glaring monster the head of a giant who came out of the north-west to protect them against the whites, and they feel a reverence for it, which they used to prove by burying their bravest men in its shadow. Consequently, it is not to them the head of a devil, but of a hero. There are many traditions of warriors who were to help them repel the hated French and English, and until a recent date they read comfort in heavenly signs, and looked hopefully to every strong man of their own race, down to Sitting Bull, to free the land. The comet of 1811, they said, was the avenging arm of Tecumseh. The expected Messiah, in whose honor the exciting ghost-dances have been held from time to time, is by some affirmed to be Manibozho. It was not Manibozho who left his skull here in the wilderness grinning at the faithful, for he was a man of peace and wise counsel. It was possibly a visitor from the happy hunting grounds. Look west from Calgary to the tumbled, toothed peaks of the Rockies, and you see the Indian's "bridge of the world" leading to heaven. It was from those happy hunting grounds that the giant rescuer returned to fight once more, but vainly, for his people.

The neckband, is about 3 inches high and is lined with white silk. About it runs a piping of silk in scarlet. The illustration shows it better than I can describe it. The stock fastens in the back with a hook and eye. The flat is sewn to the stock, and is lined with silk and interlined with cotton. These stocks retail at \$2.50, and are designed for wear while driving, skating, wheeling, or golfing. They are very soft, and look decidedly smart in light and dark tans and grays. Our best dressers are not wearing the very high, round point standers. The best collar for all formal occasions is the straight standing style with fronts that just meet, and the new flare front collar with a very

Something About Men's Dress.

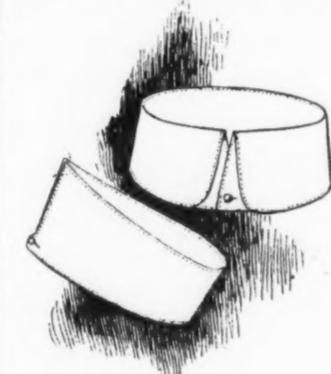
THE tide of approval in men's dress is now setting toward the more subdued effects in cloths, shirtings, and cravat. The popularity of the vivid tones has not declined, but, like everything that is good, it has been abused. After examining the new silks and shirt stuffs brought out for next spring's wear, one cannot help feeling that the favors have been bestowed upon the most quiet combinations and effects. In shirtings, stripes in all of the colors that belong to the brightest class have been used, but in such a way that they are not prominent. All this means the total obliteration of the dazzling broad stripes, the



The Slightly Rounded Ouf.

closely mixed kaleidoscopic figures, and the brilliant ground tones. For present wear the blacks and whites and tones that contrast well with these colors are the favorites. The large cravats are too bold in bright colors, and for that reason the neuter hues usurped the brighter ones.

The custom shirt makers have discarded the sloping cornered cuff for



New Collars.

one that is slightly rounded. You know these shirt tailors take the ground that no matter what the shirt manufacturers introduce they will oppose; therefore, cross stripes being the most popular, our shirt tailors take the up-and-down stripe.

I saw quite a decided novelty the other day; nothing less than a deer skin hunting stock. Very wearable and decidedly sporty, I assure you. The stock is made in two pieces; one



Deer-Skin Hunting Stock.

the neckband, is about 3 inches high and is lined with white silk. About it runs a piping of silk in scarlet. The illustration shows it better than I can describe it. The stock fastens in the back with a hook and eye. The flat is sewn to the stock, and is lined with silk and interlined with cotton. These stocks retail at \$2.50, and are designed for wear while driving, skating, wheeling, or golfing. They are very soft, and look decidedly smart in light and dark tans and grays.

Our best dressers are not wearing the very high, round point standers. The best collar for all formal occasions is the straight standing style with fronts that just meet, and the new flare front collar with a very

slight front spacing. For informal wear the high bander with look front, or with the "V" spaced front, is most popular. These have rounded tips, and are worn with Ascots as well as four-in-hands. The soft broad-end Ascot, tied in the once-over form and pulled very straight, looks very well in combination with a high bander. I think the effect decidedly artistic. It weds negligee collar and cravat most fittingly.

"It is the custom with good class tailors," writes the London correspondent of Gibson's Magazine, to press the garments of their customers (I mean, to press them, not in a press, but in the technical use of the word by means of wet rags and a hot iron) as often as necessary, without changing anything, and it seems to me good business policy to do so. Clothes kept in good order are a credit to the man that builds them. A man who always looks "well turned-out" is often asked the name of his tailor. Also the habit of getting his clothes attended to now and again brings him into the store occasionally. He will sometimes, at least, see something that catches his fancy among the patterns and order a garment of a suit that otherwise very likely he would dispense with.

Aguinaldo's Overture.

WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "it looks now as if he was nothing left for me young friar Aggynaldo to do but time. Like as not a year fr'm now he'll be in gaol, like Napoleon, th' impr'v'd Fr-rinch was in his day, an' Mike, th' Burglar, an' other pathrites. That's what comes iv bein' a pathrite too long. 'Tis a good job whin they're nawthin' else to do, but 'tis not th' thing to wurruk overtime at. 'Tis a sort iv out-lv-dure sport that ye shud engage in durin' th' summer vacation, but whin a man carries it on durin' business hours people begin to get down on him, an' after a while they're ready to hang him to get him out iv th' way. As Hogan says, 'Th' las' thing that happens to a pathrite he's a scoundrel.'

"Las' summer there wasn't a warmer pathrite anywhere in our imperial dominions than this same Aggynaldo. I was with him meself. Says I, 'They're a good coon,' I says. 'He'll help us fr'r to make th' Philippines independent on us fr'r support,' I says, 'an' whin th' bessin' iv civilization has been intxnded to his beloved country, an,' I says, 'they put up intxnal rivinice offices an' post offices,' I says, 'we'll give him a good job as a letter-carrier,' I says, 'where he won't have anything to do,' I says, 'but walk,' I says.

"An' so th' consul at Ding Dong, th' man that r-ran that ind rv th' war, he says to Aggynaldo, 'Go,' he says, 'where glory waits ye,' he says, 'Go an' strike a blow,' he says, 'fr ye're country,' he says. 'Go,' he says, 'I'll stay, but you go,' he says. 'They're nawthin' in stayin' an' ye might get hold iv a tyranical watch or a pockethand down bayant,' he says. An' off wint the brave pathrite to do his jooty. He done it, too. Whin Cousin George was pastin' the former hated Castiles, who was it stood on th' shore shootin' his bow-an'-arrow into th' sky but Aggynaldo? He was a good man thin—a good noisy man.

"Th' thrubble was he didn't know whin to knock off. He didn't hear th' wurrub-bell callin' him to come in fr'm playin' ball an' get down to business, says Cousin George, 'Aggynaldo, me buck,' he says, 'th' war is over,' he says, 'an' we've settled down to th' ol' game,' he says. 'They're no more heroes. All iv them has gone to wurrub fr'r th' magazines. They're no more pathrites,' he says. 'They've got jobs as go'v'nors or ar-re lookin' fr'r them or anything else,' he says. 'All th' prom'nt saviours in th'ir country,' he says, 'but meself,' he says, 'is busy preparin' th'ir defense,' he says. 'I have no definse,' he says, 'but I'm where they can't reach me,' he says. 'Th' sport is all out iv th' job an' if ye don't come in an' jine th' tilin' masses iv wage-wurrukers,' he says, 'ye won't even have

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into your stove without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor

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A court of enquiry was ordered, but no information beyond that already known was elicited, the only explanation of the mystery being a theory of spontaneous explosion.—Advocate of India, Bombay.

Well Met

"Timmins, do you know anything about literature?"

"No."

"Know anything about art?"

"Nothing."

"Know anything about music?"

"Not a rap."

"Good. Come over to my room, bring a pipe, and let's enjoy ourselves."

Newspaper "Ad"

Discern the tragedy who can—(How sad two hearts must feel!) Here's, "Wanted, to exchange a tandem for a single wheel."

—Puck.

British Cruiser's Narrow Escape.

H. M. S. Eclipse narrowly escaped the experience of the American cruiser Maine during her stay at Bombay recently. It appears that while the officers were at dinner in the ward-room an explosion occurred beneath them, followed by sounds of numerous slighter concussions. The sounds were located in the shell-room of the twelve-pounder quick-firing gun. This was at once flooded, and, after pumping out, the inspection showed that three twelve-pounder shells from the top tier had exploded, the fragments being scattered all over the room, though little damage was done to the room fittings or to other shells. These shells are of a highly explosive character, but no others showed signs of injury.



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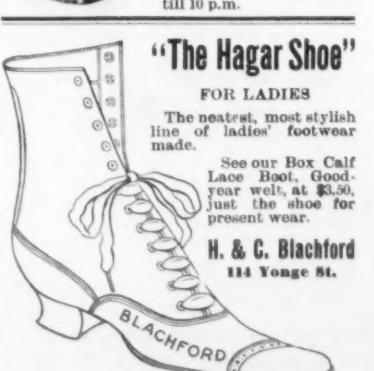


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THE Banda Rossa, the organization so much advertised as "the finest band in Italy," made its second visit to Toronto this week and on Tuesday and Wednesday gave four concerts in the Massey Hall to moderate-sized audiences. Their playing evoked considerable enthusiasm, and it must be confessed that the characteristics of their performances are such as would naturally impress audiences of a mixed character. But when their renderings of standard compositions are submitted to the analysis of dispassionate criticism, one is at a loss to understand the chorus of adulation which seems to have greeted them throughout the United States from a large section of the press. Their somewhat rough virility and go, their overwhelming climaxes, their alternations of loud and soft effects naturally win a popular verdict, but in the estimation of musical people they do not compensate for the lack of subtle and well graded nuances, or refined phrasing, of poetic conception, nor for the grave faults of violent exaggeration and of a not infrequent overblowing on the part of the brass which in many cases gives a flavor of vulgarity to their efforts. Undoubtedly there is a fervid enthusiasm in all that they do, but enthusiasm untempered by artistic refinement is prone, as all musical people know, to lead one into a species of expression which may be compared with ranting on the dramatic stage. In light *genre* pieces, in arrangements from conventional Italian operas, in marches and dances, the band show to their best advantage. But when it comes to such music as the opening of the William Tell overture, to selections from Wagner, or to any composition requiring ideality of conception, artistic balance, delicate gradations and smoothness of tone, I for one, prefer the interpretations of the representative American bands. The most successful selections at the four concerts were those from Carmen, Aida, Il Trovatore, Medisofalo and Lucia. In these, with perhaps the exception of Carmen, both band and conductor were dealing with music that reflected the national temperament. The vocalist with the band was Mrs. Marshall Pease, a pleasing singer with an agreeable voice, who contributed an attractive list of songs. The conductor, Signor Eugenio Sorrentino, is admitted to be a clever director, and no doubt gets the best possible work from his musicians.

The concert of the Toronto Male Chorus Club in the Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week was one of the most successful musical events of the season, the vast auditorium being crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the talented director of the organization, mustered under his baton about seventy of the best men singers that are to be found in the city. The programme, which embraced both grave and gay selections, attractively contrasted, was carried out in a manner which gained general respect and approbation. The singing of the Club was marked by a thoroughly musical tone production, by admirable balance of the parts, by well governed gradations of power, and, as a rule, by accuracy of intonation. Two numbers that specially aroused the audience to enthusiasm were an arrangement of Handel's celebrated Largo—so much affected by violinists—and Schaefer's Polka Serenade. Come Away, Come Away, both of which were encored. F. Mackenzie's humorous song, A Franklyn's Dogge, gave the audience much amusement by its comic conceit, and had to be repeated. The Soldiers' Chorus from Faust proved a telling number, and was sung with vigor and good rhythmic swing. The Club took the occasion to introduce to the public the famous solo pianist, Herr Emil Sauer, one of the most talk-about artists of the present time. It is not exaggerating to say that Herr Sauer aroused a degree of enthusiasm that has not been equalled at the reception of a pianist since the appearances of Rubinstein and Paderewski in this city. Although the methods which had been pursued of advertising Herr Sauer had led many to doubt his musical standing, he fortunately proved after all to be a genuine artist. He is splendidly equipped in the matter of technique, has a delightfully delicate and sensitive touch, and produces a special pianissimo which for equality, rapidity, and musical beauty of tone, and yet withal exquisitely shaded within its bounds, it would be difficult to equal. He is a most charming interpreter of *genre* pieces, and as an exponent of Chopin proved himself particularly happy. The nature of the impression he created may be gauged by the fact that he was recalled ten or eleven times during the evening. The solo singer was Mr. Gwynn Miles, a Welsh baritone, who won an instantaneous triumph. He has a rich and even voice, and sings with finish of style and with honest and legitimate expression. The inevitable I Pagliacci Prologue was his introductory number, and was followed by Tchaikowski's Serenade and Schumann's Two Grenadiers. Before dismissing this concert a tribute of praise is due to Mrs. Blight for her excellent accompaniments to the solo songs. The Club accompanist was Miss A. W. Kilgour, who was perfectly satisfactory in that capacity.

On Saturday evening Herr Sauer gave a special recital in the Massey Hall, confirmed the impression he had previously

made, was enthusiastically received by a select audience of admirers, and offered a choice programme of standard compositions. His rendering of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 53 (the Waldstein) well stood the test of comparison with that of other distinguished pianists who have played it here. Its bravura complications, particularly in the Rondo, presented no difficulty to Herr Sauer, so that the audience did not have to consider the question of technique at all. He threw a good deal of light and shade into the work, brought out some subtleties of effects which had not been heard before, but indulged in no capricious license, and was very sparing in the use of the rubato. A splendidly executed number for transparency of design and brilliancy was the Bach-d'Albert Prelude and Fugue. Chopin's Bolero was a very entrancing contribution, with its delicate emphasizing of the characteristic rhythm and accent. The Rubinstein Reve Angelique was quite romantic in tone as portrayed by the soloist. Herr Sauer was recalled nine times, and as one of his extra numbers gave the study for the black keys by Chopin. He closed a most interesting and thoroughly appreciated recital with Liszt's twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody, which, it is needless to say, he played with distinction and ease.

Mr. Samuel Aitken, honorary secretary of the Associated Board, arrived in the city on Wednesday of last week and immediately opened fire upon the enemy in a most indiscreet and bad-tempered letter to the *Globe*, in which he dramatically declared that he had come to "tell the truth and if possible to make other people tell the truth." Following this bumptious declaration there appeared a column and a half of such coarse invective and untruthful rubbish as completely put in the shade anything which has been written in the past even by Mr. Aitken himself or any of his salaried agents. The result of this ill-advised communication has been to still further strengthen the spirit of protest in Canada against the Board's bucksterings and speculations here. Mr. Aitken's insulting references to the profession in Canada, his direct misstatements, and his misleading comments generally, have earned for that gentleman the contempt not only of the profession in Canada, but also of that portion of the public which has intelligently followed the controversy. Several of his most glaring "truths" were promptly exposed in the *Globe* of the following day. The unexpected evidences of strength in the position maintained by local musicians, and the suggestion of probable trouble for Mr. Aitken because of a very rash and untruthful charge against the secretary of the protesting committee contained in the former's letter to the *Globe*, caused Mr. Aitken to turn a sudden summersault and propose a truce, the effect of the truth as told by the "other people" whom he crossed the seas to crush having been instantaneous and positive. Mr. Aitken's sneer concerning the standard of music teaching in this country would imply that he cannot be conscious of the innumerable failures who have come over from the Old Country and sojourned here for a time, representing the finished product of a class of teaching which he apparently wishes to have Canadians adopt *holus bolus* as a model. Canadians, however, emphatically draw the line at the issuing of teachers' diplomas at \$25 each, with a title added, in which the candidate, according to the piano syllabus of the Board, "is not expected to give attention to faults of style or lack of expression." The results of such a ridiculous policy probably account for the lamentably poor material turned out by some Old Country institutions as examples of their work. Canadians, however, emphatically draw the line at the issuing of teachers' diplomas at \$25 each, with a title added, in which the candidate, according to the piano syllabus of the Board, "is not expected to give attention to faults of style or lack of expression." The results of such a ridiculous policy probably account for the lamentably poor material turned out by some Old Country institutions as examples of their work. Canadians also object decidedly to any provincial organist being sent out to act as an expert examiner in all branches from the jew's-harp to the bass-drum, music having fortunately advanced a stage beyond such a standard in this country. Mr. Aitken's proposition some time ago to the director of one of our music schools to share "swag" resulting from a proposed fusion of interests, and his subsequent statements, in writing and verbally, to the effect that the Canadian scheme failed to realize a profit the Board would withdraw from the field, do not bear out the "art" and "philanthropy" buncombe of that institution's representatives. To Canadians the most regrettable feature of Mr. Aitken's asinine tactics is the fact that such names as H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, and the eminent men who are connected with the R.A.M. and R.C.M. have been freely used in order to bolster up a farce which has thrown so much discredit upon the Board's entire Canadian speculation.

Local music dealers express themselves as highly amused at the explanation offered by the Associated Board regarding that enterprising concern's "corner" in its Canadian sheet music traffic. One dealer has explained that the Board's efforts to coerce and control the trade are due to the fact that, in anticipation of a tremendous rush for its music, a very large stock of the same was imported from England upon which duty and excise have been paid, and as this in all probability figures as an asset, Mr. Aitken's concern regarding its disposal is amply accounted for. Messrs. Nordheimer state that they have had but one enquiry for this

year's music; Messrs. Whaley & Royce have not even had one such request; Ashdown's have had no enquiries for the Board's merchandise, and Nordheimer are anxious to dispose of a quantity of last year's stock which has been left on their hands. In Montreal, according to Mr. P. B. Williams—who has (as will be seen by the appended letter) written local dealers imploring them to purchase the Board's wares—business is rushing, although another representative of the Board, to wit, Mr. Aitken himself, several days ago, in conversation with some members of the local protesting committee, declared positively that the Board had not as yet disposed of more than a dozen copies, all told, in Canada. Note the Board's keen desire, therefore, to find a market for its wares, especially its ancient stock, as expressed in the following letter to the trade:

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE R.A.M. AND R.C.M.

ROOM 55, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.

MONTREAL, Feb. 27, 1899.

DEAR SIRS.—I am instructed by Mr. S. Aitken, the honorary secretary of the Associated Board (who has just left here to visit other local centers), to state that the Board is anxious to dispose of its music to the trade if allowed to do so, they having no wish to run counter to the wishes of the public. They will send the music except on terms that involve an actual loss to the Board we are perfectly obliged to dispose of it ourselves. It has been arranged that the music for 1898, 1899, and 1898 and 1899 will be given to the trade, comprising this year's music will be of service for two years to come, and from the daily demand I have for the same it should eventually prove a source of profit. I should be glad to forward some of the music to you on terms of no discount or dipos of the whole at cost price if desired.

I am, dear sir,

P. B. WILLIAMS,
Canadian Secretary.

The assertions of the Board's representatives that colonial music houses do not offer facilities for the purchase of standard music for which there may be any demand, is warmly resented by local music dealers. Indeed, the more this matter is probed into the more justification there appears to be for the London *Musical Herald's* statement that the "philanthropic" Associated Board is a "highly lucrative concern" for its publishers, composers and professors, and that the resentment of Canadians regarding its tactics is a natural consequence. It will not surprise Canadians, therefore, to learn that prominent English music journals are strongly condemning the Board's Canadian policy. One influential monthly just to hand records the Board's conduct in Canada as "extraordinary" and asks the very pertinent question, "Why should the Board interfere in a publishers' matter?"

Musical Editor Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR.—The following extract from a letter received by the honorary secretary of the protesting Committee from His Excellency the Governor General through his private secretary, re protest against musical examinations by outside examiners, may be read with interest by the musical profession in Canada:

"His Excellency regrets that he cannot accept the views expressed in protest. The reputation of the Associated Board of Canada is such that he believes that the acceptance by Canadian musicians of the examinations in question would, instead of proving injurious to such institutions, conduce greatly to insure their ultimate success and would open up a wider field for the development of musical genius than at present exists."

It is to be regretted that His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, although Canadian president of the Associated Board, should find it necessary to express an opinion differing so widely from that of the musical profession in Canada, who, knowing the facts in detail and understanding the situation thoroughly, are making strenuous a protest against the examination of the musicals outside examining bodies. The purpose of maintaining a solid front against the unwarrantable intrusion upon their rights by forwarding the protest as an expression of the feeling of the responsible elements of the profession in Canada is clear. The determination of the Associated Board to impose its examinations in the face of the united protest will only serve to create a still greater bond of union among Canadian musicians in the assertion of their rights.

S. T. CHURCH,
Hon. Sec. Protesting Committee.

On Monday evening a service of praise will be held in the Central Presbyterian church, Grosvenor street. The choir, under the direction of Mr. V. P. Hurt, will sing several anthems and choruses by Gounod, Mendelssohn, and Woodward, and altogether a most interesting programme will be offered. Mrs. Leonora Kennedy, a talented singer, of the Trinity Methodist church, and Dr. Norman Anderson, organist of St. James' square Presbyterian church, will give valuable assistance. Miss Marie Whibley, Miss Eva Snarr and Mr. Edward Faulds of the Central church choir will also sing some attractive sacred solos. CHERUBINO.

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Studio—201 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Mr. Plunket Greene reappeared in a vocal recital on Monday night at Associa-

tion Hall before an exceptionally fashionable audience. Mr. Greene has so often been heard in Toronto and his methods are so popular and so familiar that extended comment is unnecessary. His voice begins to show the signs of the wear and tear of a long season, and he will be wise if he gives it a rest even at the cost of refusing engagements. Mr. Greene's selections are always most interesting, the more so because he has a repertoire that includes many historic songs of varied origin which it is rare to hear in concert. He owes much of his success with the general public to that fact and to the descriptive style of his renderings. An instance of his treatment one has only to refer to his attempt to suggest vividly the differentiation of the characters mentioned in the words of Schubert's Erl-King. He was assisted by Miss Beverly Robinson, who sang attractively several pretty songs, and by Mr. Melville Ellis, a talented pianist, who appeared in the double capacity of soloist and accompanist.

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Parents, consider the health and comfort of your little ones, and call and get advice as to the care of their teeth. You will find it of far greater value than flooding their systems with medicine.

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GUILD HALL
Thursday, March 16
A GRAND
Concert and Lecture

ON
Scientific Palmistry
will be given by Prof. O'Brien and Madame Bonvini O'Brien, late Prima Donna Soprano from Milan, assisted by other well known artists. Reserved seats 25c., admission 15c. Concert to commence at 8 p.m.

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OF THE
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NOW OPEN
Art Galleries, 105 King St. West
Open from 10 to 5. Admission 25c.

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With an extra strong cast, including Miss Maud Edna Hall (first time in Toronto), and Mr. Maurice Freeman, and Elaborate Stage Settings.

Act. I.—The Duel on the Beach.
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Act. III.—A Corsican Wedding. The Home of the Vendetta.

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IN THE BEST OPERATIC COMEDY
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"AT THE FRENCH BALL"
NOTHING SUGGESTIVE BUT THE
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FIRST APPEARANCE IN CANADA
AND FIRST TIME ANYWHERE AT
"POPULAR PRICES."

Next Week -- Bert Coote

Social and Personal.

Capt. Gilpin Brown returned to Regina on Thursday. Mrs. Percival Ridout and her little ones leave for England in a few weeks.

Mrs. Frank D. Benjamin, the charmingly pretty hostess of 341 Jarvis street, gave a reception on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Hara, who have recently returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast, have taken up their residence at 60 Admiral Road. Mrs. O'Hara will receive next Friday and the following first and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox and Miss Bogart left on Wednesday for Lakewood, New Jersey.

Mrs. Montgomery of Huron street is recovering from an illness of some weeks.

Mrs. Bunting of St. Patrick street is visiting her daughter in Montreal.

Mr. E. Morris, the inspector of the Ontario Bank, has been laid up with la grippe.

The engagement of Miss Ada Orme, daughter of Mr. E. V. G. Orme of Baywater Lodge, Brampton, to Mr. H. Blair of Hollywood, County Down, Ireland, is announced.

Lord William Seymour was a flying visitor in town last Saturday and was entertained by Colonel George T. Denison at luncheon at Heydon Villa, when General Hutton was also a guest. In the afternoon Lord William Seymour took tea at Stanley Barracks, when the officers and a small coterie of ladies were his hosts. General Hutton and Captain Bell, A.D.C., were also at the Barracks as guests of Colonel Otter and the officers.

Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson is still away and is gaining strength daily. Mrs. and Miss Melvin Jones left yesterday for Old Point Comfort, where quite a number of Torontonians are at present staying, including Mr. Mrs. and Miss McGaw.

The millinery openings of the week have distracted the minds of the feminine community. Foremost in attraction and chic have been Catto's lovely hats, which have been eagerly snapped up by the most fashionable ladies. The styles are exceedingly pretty and new, broad-brimmed, the lawney of the Wells hat with a fall of lace and rose-wreath, a smart Ferris Wheel which I saw a Pembrooke street beauty bearing away, a pretty Viola Allen hat, recalling Glory Quayle in her smart London attire in the play of The Christian, and a lovely, sparkling sequin hat, black, with aigrette and clasp, were some of them. The popular Cyrano, a deep rose, was shown.

Act. I.—The Duel on the Beach.

Act. II.—The Angel of the Egyptian Hospital.

Act. III.—A Corsican Wedding. The Home of the Vendetta.

PRICES NEVER CHANGE

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

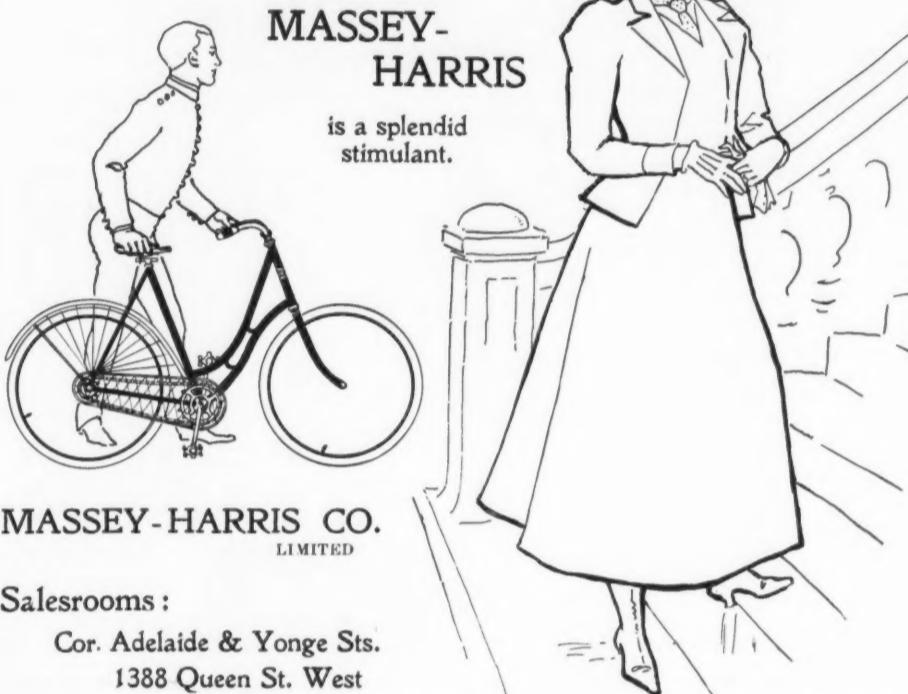


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for a hearty
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is a splendid
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VICE-PRESIDENTS—C. KLOEPFER, M.P.

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Trust Accounts kept separate from assets of company.

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Correspondence invited.

T. P. COFFEE, Manager.

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Busy Week**

Moving to 168, 170, 172 and 174 King St. West, opp. Princess Theater.

The Rolston Laundry
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**Our Easter
Novelties**

will include all the newest ideas in choice, toothsome confections.

It will pay you to see them and order early.

Why not please some ailing friend with a glass of our "Half's Foot Jelly?" It not only tempts the taste, but nourishes.

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You are
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You will save the ladies of your household time, trouble and annoyance and yourself money by phoning 247 and allowing us to take charge of all the details of the collation.

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The Wabash Railroad

With its superb and magnificent train service, is acknowledged to be the most perfect railway system in America. The great winter tourist route to the south and west, including the famous Hot Springs, Arkansas; Old Mexico, the Egypt of the New World; Texas and California, the land of sunshine and flowers. Passengers going by the Wabash reach their destination in advance of other routes. Wabash trains reach more large cities than any other railroad in the world. Detailed information will be cheerfully furnished by any railroad agent, J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

CHAINLESS
PERFECT

The demand for the Chainless Wheel is far beyond our expectations for this stage of the season. The enquiries about it are coming from all parts of the Dominion.

**GARDEN CITY
DOMINION**

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BEFF-eaters must take their food at second hand, plus the liability of taking with them whatever disease or disorder the animal may have. Furthermore cattle are slaughtered when under infection, and when all that is desperate and vicious in them is thoroughly aroused. Scientists tell us

that the flesh of the animal partakes of this vicious excitement in varying degrees. If this is so it may not be that many a vicious human character is traceable to this cause.

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In these you get food at first hand, direct from Mother Earth, and its effect upon the human is to produce a kind and gentle nature and encourage moral and spiritual development. They rebuild rapidly the tissues consumed in the wear and tear of work, and they supply in the proper proportions nourishment for every part of the human system for careful analysis wheat is found to contain all the vital properties that there are in all the other foods that you eat and the kind of food in existence. Try Shredded Wheat Biscuit for a month and see how clear-headed, at ease and self-reliant you will become; all because you are properly nourished.

Any grocer can supply you. Over 2000 receipts sent free.

SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Worcester, Mass.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Willie Eastwood of The Homestead, Winchester street, entertained about fifty ladies at euchre on Friday afternoon of last week. The rooms were prettily decorated with palms and flowers, while the sweet young daughters of the hostess flitted through the rooms assisting their mother in entertaining her guests. The prizes were carried off by Mrs. S. G. Beatty and Mrs. Britton. Some of those present were: Mrs. Fred Gooch, Mrs. (Dr.) Britton, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. E. A. Kemp, Mrs. Charlie Lugdin, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Snellgrove, Mrs. A. Meredith, Mrs. W. G. Brown, Miss Ellis, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. F. Anderson, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Fred Sparling, Miss Sherman, Mrs. Ardagh, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Taylor and Mrs. Taylor.

Two lectures are on hand for the week of March 19. On Thursday evening at Association Hall, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel discourses on How to Listen to Music, commencing his remarks and instructions at 8.15. While to lovers of music Mr. Krehbiel's lecture will be of much interest, unappreciative folks who talk at concerts may be struck with the idea that music is made to be listened to, and govern themselves accordingly, which would be a blessing. This lecture is under the patronage of: Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. James Loudon, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Byron E. Walker, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. A. W. Austin, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. J. D. Tyrell, Mrs. F. H. Torrington, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. W. O. Forsyth, Mrs. A. S. Vogt and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison.

A large number of the "Old Boys" of Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, met at the Rossin House on Tuesday evening last, to discuss the proposed reorganization of the Old Boys' Association. Rev. H. J. Cody was in the chair, and Mr. H. C. Griffith acted as secretary. Among those present were: Messrs. W. R. Wadsworth, W. E. Caldecott, H. F. Darrell, H. Gerald Wade, George Gooderham, W. H. Cronyn, Harry Darrell, A. Courtney Kingstone, F. Perry, C. Hooper, G. Bunting and Boyd. A motion to re-form the Association was carried and the election of officers was then taken up. This resulted as follows: Honorary president, Rev. H. J. Cody, M.A.; president, A. C. Kingstone; vice-president, Dr. E. M. Hooper; secretary, H. C. Griffith; treasurer, W. R. Wadsworth; Toronto representatives on executive committee, W. E. H. Carter, W. H. Cronyn, W. E. Caldecott, and H. F. Darrell. The question of an annual entertainment was brought up, and Mr. Cody expressed the opinion that it should take the form of a dinner. It was suggested that a dinner be held in St. Catharines at the time of the "old boys" cricket match in June, but some were in favor of holding it in Toronto during Easter week. The executive committee will deal with the matter and will report to a meeting of the Association which is to be held shortly for the purpose of ratifying the constitution.

Dr. Andrew Gordon is in his new house, just finished, on the corner of Huron and Bloor streets. Mrs. Gordon will receive next month on Fridays.

The engagement of Mr. John Bain of the Imperial Bank, stationed at Woodstock, and Miss Nelles, one of the belles of that pleasant town, is announced.

A Schumann morning occupied the Monday Musical Club this week, and was much enjoyed by the large number present.

Miss Lena Drechsler-Adamson gives a benefit concert in Association Hall on the evening of March 21 and will be assisted by Miss Carrie Lash, Miss Temple Dixon, Mrs. Blight, Mr. F. Welsman and Mr. Paul Hahn. The clever young violinist has many friends and will surely be successful in her venture on the twenty-first.

A bright and cordial hostess, with able assistants, scores of jolly women, a dream of a refreshment table all violets and daffodils, and the most coaxing and merry waitresses, were what made Mrs. W. Britton's tea a success on Thursday afternoon of last week. With the hostess, who obeyed the highest refinement by gowing herself in a quiet and unobtrusive little costume of cream blouse and black silk skirt, were Mrs. Ball, looking a very radiant invalid, yet obliged to support herself with a cane, Mrs. George Gowinck and Mrs. Joseph Irving, nee Hatch. The Misses Riggs, Miss Green, Miss Reid, Miss Stiby of St. Louis, Miss Eckhart, Miss Hamilton, Miss Hatch of Whithy, Miss Bull and little Miss Irene Britton were the young ladies who poured tea and coffee, served claret-cup and ices and many other good things provided by Caterer Coles. The color scheme of primrose and violet was carried out with ices, bon-bons and various delicious iced cakes. Many lovely flowers were used in decorating the house. Meteor roses and smilax banked the mantel in the salon, and carnations were the chosen flowers in the popular room where the "cup" was served. After the crowds of ladies had said good-night the young ladies remained, and with a jolly party of cavaliers and others wound up with a delightful dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Eckhart and Mrs. and Miss Mara have gone south. Mr. Douglass Macdougall of Carlton Lodge has gone to New York to a good position. Mrs. and Miss Irene Somerville of Athelstan's left on Monday for the South. They will visit Atlantic City.

On Wednesday evening two dinner parties of importance were given. Mr. and Mrs. Byron E. Walker were host and hostess to a party of fourteen guests, including Mrs. Hardy, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Colonel and Mrs. Merritt, Colonel and Mrs. George T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. J. Kerr Osborne and Mr. Frank Darling. The table was done with pink roses and looked beautiful and artistic. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews gave a

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This is no experiment. It has proven all that is claimed for it and stood the test of cleverest musical experts. A feature of this piano is that it transposes any music into any key by a simple lever movement in a second.

"I wish to congratulate you on the success of your transposing piano. It is one of the greatest inventions of the age." —RAFAEL GONZALEZ.

"Your transposing piano is especially valuable and adapted to voice. I cannot recommend it too highly for both voice and instrumental accompaniments." —MARIE B. KLEINFIELD.

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TORONTO AND MONTREAL
W. J. MCMURTRY, Pres. and Gen. Manager

large dinner on the same evening and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Mr. and Mrs. W. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. William Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Davidson, Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs, Miss Rowand, Mr. Wilkie.

Mrs. Harry Patterson entertained the Whist Club at the residence of her father, Mr. Ince, on Tuesday evening. Eight tables were arranged for the game, and some young people were entertained upstairs by the sons of the house as well.

Mrs. Cattanach, an ardent lover of the game, won the ladies' prize, a silver-mounted scent-bottle, and Mr. John Kay was the fortunate man to gain the gentlemen's prize, a handsome pair of sleeve-links. Mrs. Patterson looked very well in a rich black satin gown with transparent sleeves embroidered in white. Supper was beautifully served in the dining-room.

Miss Jones of Brooklyn, who has been on a visit to Miss Maud Hirschfelder, returns home next week. Miss Siddy of St. Louis, the guest of Miss Mae Reid, has returned home. Miss Sherar of Detroit is again visiting in town and is welcomed with pleasure.

Quite a large party are going to Ottawa for the opening of Parliament on Thursday.

Mr. Lucius O'Brien has been suffering from rheumatism and has been some weeks confined to his room. He and his sweet wife were missed very much at the Ontario Society of Artists' reception last week.

Mrs. Palmer of College street is better, and was out for a short drive on Tuesday. Mayor and Mrs. Marks are in town, and are welcomed by hosts of friends who knew and esteemed Mrs. Marks as Miss Rowand, niece of Mrs. Julius Miles.

Mrs. Winnett gave a very large euchre party to her daughter's young friends on Friday evening, when some four score young folks enjoyed the game and a dainty supper, and impromptu dance to the music of D'Alessandro and his Italians afterwards. Miss Drynan and Mr. Percy Vivian were the prize winners.

The Loan Portrait Exhibition grows in importance daily. The various committees—collection, advertisement, entertainment and patronage—are all formed and at work. Hints of Japanese teas, old English teas, military teas, and French and German teas are floating in the air. Mrs. Nordheimer has loaned an interesting picture of Sir Colin Campbell. Everyone is coming over silhouettes, daguerreotypes and quaint miniatures for the enrichment of the exhibit. Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. Matthews are to chaperone la *soiree française*. Mrs. Arthurs is up to her eyes in work; as usual, she is doing three times as much as anyone. Mrs.

Greville Harston is planning something lovely for her evening. Mrs. Galbraith has charge of the Geisha and a Japanese tea-room. Mrs. Cawthra has a charming idea for her Old English evening. Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Forester and other wives of military men are interested in *soirée militaire*. The whole thing is, in fact, taking hold of society firmly, and bids fair to be a decided success.

The pupils of the School of Elocution gave a recital at Conservatory Music Hall last evening. Messrs. R. S. Williams & Sons gave a grand phonographic concert at their wareroom last night from 8.30 to 9.30 p.m., at which Mr. Frank Deane played three piano solos. The annual meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses took place yesterday at the Canadian Institute at 4 o'clock.

Mr. James Rytle sails from New York to-day by the Lucania. "Amsterdam for diamonds" is the first point of attraction, after which the art centers of Italy and France will be asked to pay tribute to the requirements of "Diamond Hall."

Mrs. Greenwood is an optician of experience and repute, and has opened a consulting room in Bain's Art Gallery in rear of the Bain B&K Store, 96 Yonge street, where patrons may have their eyes examined and spectacles fitted to their vision if they are considered advisable by the optician. Mrs. Greenwood's pleasant and lady-like manner adds to her success with her patrons.

Exclusive Fabrics for Spring.

Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, has pleasure in announcing the arrival of his complete stock of imported woolens for spring and summer wear. He has control of many exclusive lines of some of the leading weavers in the Old Land, and this season's assortments will show the finest range he has ever had to offer. That anything he makes up will be in the highest style and the highest quality of workmanship, goes without saying. You are invited to inspect.

Free Lessons in Silk Work Messrs. Hemingway & Sons, the manufacturers of Art Embroidery Works, are giving free lessons in silk work in their Caution Room, 52 Bay street, Toronto. Samples of some of the finest silk work in America are on exhibition at their offices.

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YEACHE and HEADACHE Ease strain and sooth. Properly adjusted glasses remove the cause of a fitful and permanent headache. Come to us. MRS. E. F. GREENWOOD, Optician 96 Yonge Street

The Patent Act, Section 37, re Davy's Parks Improvement in Receipts, Canadian Patent No. 92,121, dated April 27, 1896. The undersigned are prepared to give particulars, copy contracts, leases or otherwise afford all facilities for the manufacture of patented invention.

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NOTICE
The General Meeting of the Stockholders of The Shepard Publishing Company, will be held at the hour of 10 a.m. on Wednesday, March 15 next, at the offices of the Company, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, when a statement of the affairs of the Company will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year. By order.

MILLER & RICHARD,

7 Jordan Street, Toronto, Canada.

R. BUTCHART,
Sec. Treas.

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7 Jordan Street, Toronto, Canada.

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